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A FABLE FOR YOUTH.

A birdie, barely fledged and young,
Peep'd from his fostering home;
And through the ivy caught a glimpse,
Of fields he fain would roam.

"What! is the world so large a place,
So fair, and O so green!
Why, 'tis the very loveliest thing
That ever I have seen."

He chirp'd and chirp'd with wistful note,
"Ah, mother, could I fly!"
The mother drooped her fostering wing,
And answered sadly, "Try."

He spread his eager plumes for flight,
Then fluttered from the nest;
"How clear the air, how blue the sky!
O surely this is best!"

"Now am I free, and free to range
At fancy and at will,
The heather'd moor, the grass-green shade,
The sunny bower'd hill."

But presently his pinions failed,
He thought a while to rest;
He flutter'd and he beat the air,
But could not gain the nest.

Too late he mourn'd his rash attempt,
No nest was there around,
Wildly he spent his feeble power,
Then fluttering fell to ground.

So 'tis when youth would madly stand
Alone before its time;
The blossom prematurely blown,
Must wither 'ere its prime.

PENKIVEL;

—OR—

The Mystery of St. Eglon.

CHAPTER VIII.

Little dreaming of the discussion that had settled her fate, Madeline rose in the morning, heavy-hearted, and went to St. Eglon's Hut, to the promised meeting with Michael Polgrain. She walked swiftly yet dreamily, her thoughts more with her living lover than her dead father. Yet a message from the dead has in it something so inexpressibly awful and touching, that ever and anon as the girl's measured and graceful tread brought her deeper into the wood, among leaves and shadows, there grew about her thoughts a chill fear and a gloomy anticipation of coming sorrow.

"What message could he send to me, save one of anguish!" she said to herself. "Perhaps he asks forgiveness of the child he has beggared, the child whom his deeds have so utterly ruined that her very identity is hidden behind a false name, and every hope she had on earth, she has crushed out of her heart with her own hands. Yes, and better do that than drag a good man down to the level of her misery. Love and happiness are not meant for such women as Agatha Crehylls; they do not fall to the lot of the orphan and the outcast. I have never whispered deceitfully to my own soul that such things could be mine. No; in whatever shape they came to me, I should know them for a delusion, and answer, 'These are not for me; take them out of my sight, they madden me,'"

Then followed other thoughts more bitter still, in which Madeline compared her own lot with that of Agatha Crehylls, crying out it was unjust this spoiled child of fortune should have all the sunshine, while to her was given only pain and darkness. Thus she built up in her heart a dull smouldering fire of resentment against Lady Crehylls; which one single touch might kindle into the flame of active hatred. The sight of her sunny joyousness, and the love and tenderness constantly lavished on her, and the honor of respect ever round her, had often been as a gall to Madeline's moody spirit. Moreover, as a child, she had seen with gloomy eyes that no effort of hers would win love from Mr. Lanyon, while Agatha, without an effort, gained ever his ready smiles and kisses. She saw it often with a bursting heart, and crushing her tears and complaints into silence, she nursed her jealousy in proud bitterness. Madeline was not a woman to forget anything; this childish jealousy rankled in her soul still, only the shape it now took bore with it a fiercer and more cruel sense of wrong. It was all injustice—all; and life with some was a burden of misery, from birth even to the grave. One man lives in the ease of wealth, and his bones are full of marrow and fatness, and another eateth bread in his bitterness all the days of his life, having never known joy.

Madeline did not pursue the thought further; she was close on St. Eglon's Hut now, and flinging up her veil, she gazed on the empty and desolate windows with shrinking eyes. She could fix on the one from which her childish face had often looked out wistfully, longing for the cheerfulness and companions which other children had, but which never came to her. She could remember watching from the balcony her father's boat, a tiny speck on the sea, when he went away gloomily to fish alone. And dimly there came to her memory the relief on her mother's face when he departed; dimly too came the fierce words and quarrels on his return, and the stealthy figure of Mathew Carbis, as smiling he looked at both. Then as the faint image of the man flashed upon her mind, Madeline shuddered, and lifted her hand to her brow to drive the thought away. But it came again and again, always bringing Mathew Carbis with silent step and sinister smile, though every lineament of his face was lost to her recollection, and even the figure itself was but a shadow. Yet dim, shadowy as this stealthy image might be, it even brought with it a suffocating sense of horror and of hatred towards the man, and a feeling of relief to think that he was dead.

"It was no murder to kill such a reptile!" she said to herself, fiercely.

With this thought there grew upon her memory the beautiful face of her mother, bowed down upon her white hands, weeping grievously. An unwonted weakness and tenderness filled Madeline's heart, and she lifted her arms to the sky longingly.

"Oh that I could find her!" she whispered, and her lips quivered with the unspoken words. "Oh that this sky which saw her depart, these silent trees, this great, dumb sea, would speak, and tell me whether she went in innocence or in guilt, whether she kissed me in my sleep before she stole away, and whether, if she be living now, her heart ever yearns towards the child she deserted."

Madeline turned her face towards the sea, and shading her face with her hands, she looked out over the far waters, as though asking of them the secret of her mother's unknown fate. But she saw only the heaving waves, while there fell down upon her spirit a sense of darkness unfathomable in its glooms, dreadful in its pain.

"It is strange," she said, with a deep shudder; "but this horror falls upon me always when I strive to penetrate the mystery of my mother's loss."

She shook off the gloomy thought, and looked up, to see Michael Polgrain standing before her. The gray, leaden hue of his face, and the blue line of his firm closed lips seemed ghastlier to-day, and she shrank back, appalled by an appearance which seemed to indicate the last stage of some deadly disease.

"You looked very ill," she said, kindly. "Is there nothing they can do for you at the Castle?"

"If I were weak and ready to fall as a dying leaf, miss, I should never take help from the Castle," returned Michael; "but I want no help—I am quite well. I have had this ugly look upon my face a long, long while. Will you come in, miss? I have laid a fire in the parlor, because the day is chill, and without a cheerful blaze, St. Eglon's Hut is but a whistling place."

Madeline followed his step into the house, and entered a low square room having two windows, one towards the sea, and the other looking up the green glen. Both casements shook and rattled with every gust of wind, and the walls and ceiling were stained with mildew. The old-fashioned stiff furniture, the cracked oval mirror above the mantelpiece, the decayed prints which hung forlornly on the walls, and the time-worn paper, depicting the same landscape, the same sheep, the same shepherdess, and the same boy swinging on the gate, with a church steeple close upon his nose, all following each other in an impossible and maddening manner—the fields, the gate, the sheep, and the steeple standing on the sky of the same landscape immediately below it;—all this Madeline noted, and shuddered at. For piece by piece, each hideous adornment in the dismal room seemed to loom out of her inner consciousness, making for itself a second vision on her brain, vivid as the ugly reality now before her. This was the room she had seen so often in her dreams at school, only then, seated at the window looking seawards, was the pale beautiful figure of her mother, with listless hands lying idle in her lap, and great weary eyes fixed steadfastly upon the endless waters. In her childish sleep, when she saw this figure, she had stretched her arms longingly towards it, and awoke with a low cry, to weep bitterly in silence; but now, as the faint shadow seemed to flit by her, and take up it old attitude of despair and weariness, she turned away in scorn, saying to herself "Beautiful traitress, false as a wife, false as a mother, is it long since your haunting ghost has won a tear from the child you abandoned. You cannot move me now; the misery your cruel deed left me has grown too hard for pity."

"Miss Madeline," said Michael, breaking in upon her reverie with words sympathetic to her own thought, "I have seen your mother here in this room many a time. Your face is not like hers, miss; you will bear trouble, I think, with a braver spirit than she could."

"I am glad I bear no resemblance to her," said Madeline, coldly. "I would dash my face to pieces against a rock if it was like hers. I am come to hear something of my father, not of the woman who forsook him."

Michael Polgrain looked earnestly into her eyes as she spoke, and his own drooped sadly, while a painful and perplexed expression shadowed his gray face.

"I have tried to do right," he said nervously. "I hope I am doing right now. You know, miss, we can't raise the dead; if wrong has been done to them, it must rest a wrong for ever. But we must think of the living; we mustn't wrong them."

"To what do you allude?" said Madeline, impatiently. "I cannot understood your meaning."

"I mean, miss, that it might happen to me, or to you; or to any one, to do a wrong thing in ignorance, not wishing harm to a single living soul, and that would be forgiven us," replied Michael; "but if we did it wilfully, with a hard heart and a cruel hand, then the reckoning we should have to pay would be the loss of our own peace for ever. I hope, Miss Madeline, you don't think ill of any one?"

"I hope not," said Madeline, gravely, because she saw the man's face was grave; but inwardly she deemed him slow-witted, or, as Maurice had said, half-crazed.

"And you think well of your friends, Miss Madeline?" said Michael.

"The few I have, certainly," she answered.

"His Honor, Mr. Lanyon, has been like a father to you," continued Michael, with growing earnestness. "You would not grieve him, I reckon, for worlds?"

"Assuredly not," said Madeline, a little wearily. "I do not believe myself ungrateful."

"I am glad of that," resumed Michael, in a clearer voice. "Of course you are not ungrateful, miss. Brought up, as you have been, among the highest and the best in the land, and taught from the first to be good and true, I am sure no hard thought, no cruel thought, would ever come into your heart. I am foolish to let the doubt of them come to mine. But I am a poor man, miss, and no scholar. I can't even read and write. Book-learning, now, will have taught you kinder and better things than I shall ever know."

Madeline smiled half sadly at the simplicity of the man.

"Oh the weariness of books!" she said within herself. "And the old deceit takes in the world still. Eve grasped at knowledge and found sin; yet we still run after learning, and mistake it for virtue and peace."

"And so," continued Michael, "your life won't be a mistake like mine—a poor, blind mistake. You can hold a secret and do no sin; you won't shut all the sunshine out of your soul as I have done, and go through the world with all things gray and dark upon your path."

His solemn tone arrested Madeline's attention, and she fixed her eyes upon his face and saw its ashen hue, and the dead look in his dull eyes.

"I trust," she said, "your blindness will never fall upon me. Of what secret do you speak?"

"Did I say secret!" asked Michael, in a bewildered way. "Miss Madeline, you and my lord are good friends?"

"Certainly," cried Madeline, impatiently.

"He must seem like a brother to you, miss," said Michael; "and you love him, I reckon, just the same?"

"I like him very much," replied Madeline, gravely.

"And well you may, miss," said Michael. "He is the kindest, the noblest gentleman that ever stepped, and the happiest—yes, I'm thankful that I can say it—the happiest. You wouldn't hurt a hair of his head, miss, I'm sure of that."

"No; Why should I hurt Lord Crehylls?" said Madeline. "He has always been kind to me."

"Like a brother?" continued Michael.

"Quite so," returned Madeline, willingly.

"And my lady—she who was Miss Lanyon—is like a sister to you, miss?" he resumed.

Madeline answered unwillingly now.

"What can it matter to you, Michael," she said, "what my feelings towards Lady Crehylls may be?"

The man turned his dull eyes towards her slowly, and peered forward as though longing to see more clearly.

"You look very dark to me, miss, and your answer is dark too," he said; "but you must speak plainly, miss, before I can say a word more."

"Very well," said Madeline, shrugging her shoulders slightly; "then I must say I consider Lady Crehylls a spoiled, petted child, who thinks every shadow should creep out of her path, and that all the sunshine in the sky was made for her alone."

Michael Polgrain listened to the inflection of her voice, not to her words, and this seemed to distress him.

"You do not like her," he said, in a low tone.

"My dislike will never hurt her," returned Madeline, with a slight laugh. "With all the world at her feet, it will scarcely matter that Madeline Sylvester is not among the worshippers."

The first part of this speech struck Michael's ear more than the last.

"Your dislike will never hurt her," he repeated quietly. "No, for her father and her husband's sake you would hold back your hand. Miss Madeline, do you know I saw your father die? And that is the last sight I ever beheld in sunshine," he added sorrowfully. "Since then my face has always worn this look, and the world is all in shadow."

Madeline had risen: apparently calm and self-possessed; but her dark eyes shone with a glowing fire, and she pressed her teeth upon her lips to keep it still.

"You saw him die," she repeated, mournfully. "Well, and what was his message to me?"

"He said, 'When my daughter is eighteen, and old enough to understand my words, seek out, and tell her from me that my hand never touched Mathew Carbis.'"

Madeline started violently, then her face grew like marble, hard and white.

"He spoke falsely, I suppose," she said, in a very low voice, which trembled in spite of all her courage. "Crime lies always."

"He spoke the truth," said Michael Polgrain.

He sat so still, he looked so like a dead man, as he uttered this, that Madeline's flesh quivered at him, but still she kept her calmness.

"How do you know that he spoke?" she said, in reply, "and it isn't likely he can always tell how he knows a thing. But this I will say,—the man Mathew Carbis deserved his death. No meaner reptile ever crawled than he."

Perceiving, from this assertion, that Michael, with his wild, untutored notions of justice, sympathised with a deed which punished a traitor, and thinking that his belief in her father's innocence meant only that he considered him justified, Madeline, with a deep sigh, stopped further questions which rose to her lips. It was so utterly improbable, too, that this half-crazed man should know more of this sad history, than she had already learned herself from other and better sources, that the very idea of seeking information from him seemed to her a folly.

"I am thankful to receive my father's message," she said, calmly. "Can I repay you in any way for remembering it, and giving it to me at last?"

"No, Miss Madeline, you owe me nothing for that," returned Michael. "And the message is not all I have to give you."

Madeline looked up eagerly, and met Michael's earnest and agitated gaze. His face was full of doubt and sorrow; it was evident that every word he spoke was drawn from him reluctantly, and would never be uttered but for some strong fear or superstition, which urged him to fulfil a promise made to the dead.

"You have said you don't wish them any harm," he murmured, almost unintelligibly; "and come what may of it, the lot is drawn: it fell to me, and I must bide the issue."

He took a very old leather purse from his pocket, and drew thence a small but heavy-looking key, which he placed in Madeline's hand.

"This is what your father gave me for you," he continued. "He said it opened his desk, and when you were eighteen you might unlock it, and read all it contained."

"His desk!" repeated Madeline, bewildered; "where is his desk?"

"Is it not in your possession?" asked Michael Polgrain.

"No, I have never seen it," cried Madeline.

Michael wiped his brow with his handkerchief, and peered, with slow, dull eyes, round the dismal room.

"I never mind seeing it stand here," he said, "but I saw it once in a little room up stairs." "Let us look," said Madeline, instantly.

It was a gloomy search, and a vain one. The dismantled and dreary rooms were for Madeline a look of unutterable woe. Childish recollections came crowding on her heavily, mingled with all the pain of the present time.

"Oh that these walls had language!" she cried within herself. "Oh that these deaf and dumb witnesses of my father's and mother's story could speak, and resolve my doubts!"

Following Michael Polgrain's steps, she wandered from room to room, aiding him in the opening of empty presses and mouldy cupboards, and still they found nothing but damp or cobwebs. Only once the tears came into her eyes—it was when she stood by the side of the little cot where she had slept, when a child. Then she noted how near it was to her mother's bed; and as she looked upon the pillow, she thought of the beautiful, weary face that had lain there, perhaps sleepless and tearless, growing desperate in its woe.

"Miss Madeline, your father's desk is not here," said Michael. "Yet he must have made sure of your having it, or he would not have sent you the key."

"You say you saw it here," observed Madeline. "But when did you see it?"

"About a week before the death of Mathew Carbis," he answered, "Your father sat at this table writing. I was in the garden at work, and he called to me from the window to come up here to him. Then I saw the desk open before him."

Madeline shaded her eyes with her hand, and gazed at Michael in dismay.

"Are you the ruddy, happy-looking lad that worked in our garden?" she cried. "I well remember that boy; but I should never have guessed that you were he."

"Yet I am the same, miss," said Michael, gloomily; and turning his face from her earnest look, he led the way down stairs again.

Every room now had been searched for the missing desk, and it was evident that it was nowhere to be found.

"Are you quite sure," said Madeline, "that everything was left at St. Eglon's Hut exactly as it was during the time it was tenanted?"

"I am quite sure," said Madeline, conquering her repugnance to allude to that dreadful time, "At first, when my unhappy father was dragged away from this place, might not some one have taken the desk then? Surely the house was searched at that time; and of all things, the desk would be the first placed in the hands of a magistrate."

Michael started, and his long pale hands drooped forward as though he was about to fall.

"You are right," he said, slowly, "for certain the justice had it;—Mr. Lanyon, I mean; he was the only justice here then?"

An expression of relief came over Michael's leaden face as he spoke, and he held himself upright again.

"If Mr. Lanyon has it," said Madeline, "the affair will be very simple; I will ask him for it, and show him this key."

As she said this, Michael's colorless lips broke into a smile, and a look of satisfaction flashed for a moment into his dull eyes; but in an instant this expression changed, and the ashen hue on his face took a deeper gray.

"When the lot is drawn we can't escape," he said, as if to himself. "What must be will be; and whether it be good or bad the heart must bear it. If I must break a promise to the dead he'll follow me, even on the sea. Miss Madeline, I have searched for that desk with an unwilling mind, and I was glad when I heard you say you'd ask Justice Lanyon for it, because I knew then your eye would see it, and your hand would never touch it. No, Miss Madeline, if you want truly to get it, say not a single word to Squire Lanyon, but search the old mansion of Penkivel from roof to cellar; and when you find it, miss, then may your load be lighter than mine."

His voice ceased with a sudden sob, and he groped his way to the door with outspread hands, blindly.

"Stop!" cried Madeline; "I have one more word to say. Apparently you were trusted by my father, and you visited him in prison. That was kind. What I wish to say, is, that his child will never forget that, and she thanks you—thanks you with all her heart."

She came towards him, and held out her hand, and her large steadfast eyes swam in unwonted moisture, but Michael Polgrain shrank away from her proffered clasp.

"Not to me, Miss Madeline," he said, hurriedly. "Do not offer your hand to me! I dare not touch it; and I cannot take your thanks either. It was not kindness that led me to the prison."

"So even this man will not take my hand!" thought Madeline, bitterly, as she let it fall by her side, and her face resumed its cold, proud look.

"Not for kindness!" she said. "Then why did you go to him?"

"I went to offer him his life," replied Michael, simply. "I went bitterly against my will, and I went too late; he was dying!"

Madeline heard him with such amazement that her lips parted without words, and she stood for a moment breathless and silent.

"To offer him his life!" she repeated, slowly.

"Yes, simply that," said Michael. "I would have changed clothes with him, and got him out of prison that way, or I would have taken his place, and said I had done the deed myself. Or, all this failing, I would have got a band of miners together and broken through the bars."

"You are utterly mad!" cried Madeline. "Did you tell him you had come for such a wild purpose?"

"No, I found him dying; so I held my peace. It was no use to speak then," said Michael, in his gloomiest tone. "He was always a hasty man; he should not have laid hands upon his own life. Why cannot his blood rest upon his own head?"

The sudden loudness of his voice, the haggard look on his gray cold face, and the startling thoughts in her own heart, kept Madeline for a moment too agitated to speak; then she cried, with sharp vehemence, "Michael Polgrain, you know something that you are holding back from me! What is this secret? If I ought to hear it, tell it at once."

"You will never hear it from me! Miss Madeline," he returned. "The curse I have borne so long I can suffer to the end. No, I shall never tell it, not even to see the sun again."

So saying, Michael Polgrain's groping hand found the lock of the door, and turned it, and he went away, with that gray, shadowy look upon his face to the last.

Madeline walked swiftly back to the Castle, with a new and passionate hope in her heart, which lent wings to her feet, and brought to her cheeks the glow of a sunny crimson.

CHAPTER IX.

"Well done, Pellew," cried Lord Crehylls, gaily; "that was a splendid shot! What a pity there is nothing better to kill this time of the year than young rooks."

"I am sorry to have the rooks killed," said Lady Crehylls. "I wish both your guns would miss fire."

She was standing by her husband, and as he turned to answer her he laid his hand fondly on her shoulder.

"My dear Agatha," he said, laughing, "if we did not thin them out sometimes, the whole black colony would desert us. There is nothing the rooks like better than being shot. I assure you they forsake the trees unless there is a little killing done amongst them every Summer. And fancy how queer and dismal it would be to have no rookery at Crehylls! Blaze away, Pellew."

But Mr. Pellew fired this time very much at random, and the scared bird flew away over his head with a loud cry.

"Missed, by Jupiter!" exclaimed his friend. "Why, what are you about, Maurice?"

There was no reply to this, unless the sudden gleam of a bright colored dress between the distant trees was an answer.

"It is Madeline," said Lady Crehylls, smiling; "and how beautiful she looks! By the by, Geoffrey, I am little jealous. Why did you never tell me that when you were a boy you were madly in love with your 'beautiful Madeline?'"

Lord Crehylls gazed at her in a way that looked almost terror-struck, and his face grew very pale.

"What are you talking of, Agatha?" he said, in a tone of forced quietness.

"Don't pretend not to understand me," said his wife, with a slight laugh. "You know well enough what I mean."

Lord Crehylls was paler still now, and he laid his gun upon the grass and then took it up again, like a man suddenly bewildered by an unexpected stroke.

"Agatha," he said, pleadingly, "if you only knew how you pain me by this allusion, you would, I am sure, never approach the subject again. Heaven and my own heart alone know how hard I have tried to blot it out of my life, and how much I would give to forget it entirely."

He spoke in a voice inaudible to Maurice, who was standing at some little distance, but whose ear, nevertheless, detected something strange in the dialogue. Lady Crehylls looked at her husband with a face full of consternation and grief.

"I had no idea," she said, "that your attachment was so serious. I have been foolish enough to think that I was your first love."

She tried to speak in an indifferent, even in a laughing tone; but her voice trembled in spite of the effort, and she walked away up the long avenue of elms just as Madeline entered it on the other side. In her surprise at her husband's grave speech, Lady Crehylls had forgotten that the Madeline of whom she was thinking was only a child at the period of her marriage, four years ago; her mind dwelt only on Lord Crehylls' seriousness and on the words of the letter in her father's desk. She felt there was a mystery in all this which she could not understand, and a sense of depression and loneliness took of her heart. She did not look back and see with what wistful eyes Lord Crehylls watched her depart; she fancied herself neglected, and walked on alone, a little coldly and proudly.

From what small beginnings will dissension and misunderstanding arise at times!

Lord Crehylls went on shooting rooks, for the keepers stood by, and he scarcely liked to throw down his gun so soon, after having himself arranged the morning's sport. But Maurice Pellew gave this to a servant, and went to meet Madeline as she approached. This was not the first time they had met since her rejection of him; their mutual embarrassment was therefore somewhat less painful, and there was even a smile on Madeline's lips as she greeted him.

"Have you given up the work of slaughter for to-day?" she said. "If there is any pleasure in killing, pray go on with it, don't let me stop you."

"Will you stay here as a spectator of our prowess?" asked Maurice.

"No indeed," she answered. "I would not mind it if the birds were killed outright, but I hate to see them come fluttering and screaming to the ground. I am going for a walk. Good-bye."

But Maurice walked on by her side, never needing the adieu she had dropped so carelessly. This was the fourth day since their walk to St. Eglon's Hut, and she had not asked him why he lingered at the Castle, neither had she, after that first evening, shunned him in any way. There was a change in her manner more palpable to the eye than the ear; it was not in her voice or in her words, but it rather showed itself in a greater willingness to listen when he spoke, a greater willingness to accept the slight homage which he dared to pay her. It was as though, for the first time, she was yielding to her own heart the permission to love. This change was caused by her interview with Michael Polgrain; his words had sown in her spirit a fevered and dangerous hope, to which she clung with all that tenacity of purpose peculiar to her character. If her father was a martyr to circumstances, or the victim of treachery, she was free to love; she could with an unsullied conscience take the cup of happiness which she had, but a few days before, set aside with a resolute hand. As the current of her thoughts ran thus, her eyes grew brighter, her cheeks glowed, her lips broke often into smiles, and over all her aspect there quivered a hope like sunlight, which made her indescribably beautiful. The task set before her seemed in her eyes glorious and noble. To reclothe a father's memory with innocence and honor,—such a duty was worth living for, worth dying for. And already she looked forward to the time when she might proclaim her name aloud to the whole world, and say even proudly, "I am Madeline Sherborne, the child of that wronged man, whom a blind and vindictive world condemned to die by the hand of a false justice."

Thus she dreamed in her sanguine moments; but between these came times of great depression, when the difficulties in the way loomed darkly on her, when the thoughts of her inexperience and her youth paralysed every faculty, and the memory of the long, long years she had lived beneath the shadow of one dreadful deed, flung her into despair. But this was not her mood now, as she walked along by

the side of Maurice Pellew, listening as he talked. He did not speak of love; though their hearts both beat consciously, they seemed, by mutual consent to avoid a topic which might bring pain.

"Madeline," said Maurice, suddenly, "I am going to give up studying for the Bar."

She lifted her eyes and looked him earnestly in the face.

"Not on my account, I hope?" she said hurriedly; "not because I answered you as I did three days ago?"

"I give up the Bar, not in disappointment, but in hope," replied Maurice, softly.

"In hope?" echoed Madeline.

"Yes," said he; "in the hope that you will not despise an unambitious man, whose mind is bent on leading a quiet life not useless, I trust, but utterly beyond the pale of fame or the round of fashion."

"Are you in earnest?" said Madeline, sadly.

"I was never more in earnest than I am now," he answered.

"But are you justified in renouncing a career so fitted to your abilities—a career on which you had fixed so many hopes?" she asked.

"I have fixed a better and a purer hope on my new career," he replied, in a clear voice. "Tell me only that you do not despise my want of ambition."

"I do not despise it," returned Madeline, with a half sigh, "and yet I am disappointed, too. I thought to live to see you win high honors. What is this new hope on which you have fixed your heart?"

"It is both new and old," he replied. "Oh Madeline," he cried, "cannot you guess it? It is the one great hope of my life ever since boyhood."

Madeline was very pale. The cup of happiness for which she longed was again at her lips. Might she drink? Might she accept the love of this good and honorable man, and yet not drag him into misery? While she hesitated, with eyes bent down and blood rushing swiftly to her heart, Maurice spoke again.

"Do not answer me, Madeline, till I have told you all," he said. "Three days ago there fell into my hands an old journal. In it I read the report of a trial,—the trial of a gentleman once the tenant of St. Eglon's Hut. Madeline, I have doubts in my mind of that man's guilt. More, I have even a deep conviction that he was innocent of the crime of which he was accused. But whether he were innocent or guilty, my love for his daughter withstands the shock of knowing her allied to him. I love her for herself. No adventitious circumstances of rank, position, or name could either weaken or strengthen that love. Madeline, I am not a time-server; I am not fashion's fool. I can surely live a good and useful life, without seeking the gawds which success brings to a man. My love, my dear love, will you share that tranquil life with me?—will you take the heart which I give as willingly to Madeline Sherborne as to Madeline Sylvester?"

She did not answer him, but his arm was round her, and his kiss fell upon her lips.

"Is this true?" she murmured. "Can you really love me like this, and forsake the world, and all your ambitious hopes?"

"Madeline," said Maurice, earnestly, "there are surely better and higher hopes than those which spring from ambition; and these can be yours and mine, if we will. I have been ambitious for your sake; I can renounce ambition for your sake. Tell me, are you content?"

Madeline said "yes" with her lips, but there was a sting in her heart which made it but a faint affirmative. It was hard to think that the man she loved felt, in taking her, that henceforth he must hide from the world, and rest satisfied with obscurity. Her proud nature rebelled against the thought that, notwithstanding how great his love might be, there remained a settled conviction in his mind that the daughter of Walter Sherborne was scarcely a fitting wife for a man who sought to make his career a public one. But for the great hope which Michael Polgrain had put into her soul, she could not have borne this, and she would have rejected his love a second time as resolutely as she had rejected it at the first. It was this hope which made her now accept it, but with the inward resolve to give Maurice back his troth, if time should prove the hope groundless. Thus there was still an uncertainty in her tone, a reserve in her manner, which struck Maurice painfully.

In his mind there remained no lingering doubts and fears to hold back the full tide of his love. Having once more come to a decision, having once told himself that he deliberately chose Madeline from out the world, in despite of circumstances and of sorrow, there rested in him no shadow of wavering, and no suspicion of wavering on her part entered into his imagination. Her acceptance followed naturally when she knew that his love, like an ark, surmounted the flood of terror beneath which her history was hidden. Consideration for him had caused her to reject his love, but he did not think that consideration for herself might one day cause her to reject it again.

Madeline had a calm voice—a wonderfully calm, patient voice—telling to an acute ear a long history of suppressed suffering, pride, and resolution. When she broke the silence now, there was a ring in this low, quiet voice, which spoke of a woe deeper still—a flood for human line too fearfully profound.

"Maurice," she said, and in her passionless calm she did not move her cheek from the lips pressed against it, "it is not to me that discontent will come in the future, but to you. I feel that you have not counted the cost of what you do. Can you sit idle while others run the race and win the crown?"

"You will be my crown," said Maurice, and his arm pressed her tightly.

With a pang at her heart which made her lip quiver, Madeline drew back from his embrace. She was no Cleopatra to love an indolent Antony—her soul was always with Cæsar; and at this moment, when Maurice offered to give up the world for her sake, he appeared smaller in her eyes than she would have believed possible a few hours ago. Madeline's was a spirit awake to worldly honors and worldly respect, and in loving Maurice she had consciously worshipped a kindred spirit. She recognized in him a passionate ambition, and a steady determination to win success, which were the exact qualities she admired. Stripped of these, she felt her lover would grow insignificant, and lose the glory with which her imagination had invested him. And would not the result be the same with him? In a few years' time, how deep, how bitter would be his regret that he had given up his brilliant career for a woman!

"I will never accept such a sacrifice," she said, resolutely. "I will never make you pay such a price for me as the renunciation of all your hopes."

"Not all, Madeline," returned Maurice. "I have a thousand ambitions yet left me, which you can share."

"I will not believe you," she answered. "Sit here with me, upon this knoll, and I will tell you all my heart."

"Do I not know your heart yet?" said Maurice, a little wistfully.

"No," she replied, "because you have only just heard my history; and until you knew that, I was a sealed book to you. Maurice," she said, and she laid her hand in his, "how can I ever tell you how glad I am that this veil of mystery and of falsehood which stood between us is torn down? It is not my fault that the truth was not frankly told you long ago; it was by Mr. Lanyon's wish, even command, that I have been silent. I have always hated the concealment and deception by which I was walled in, and shut up in loneliness. And it has hurt me, this solitude, filled with the air of a prison, and the horror of crime. I am not so good as I might be."

Here she leaned her cheek upon her hand, and the shadow of unshed tears sprang into her eyes.

"My dear Madeline," began Maurice.

"No, no, don't flatter me," she cried, "let me tell you the truth. I am proud, and moody, and bitter. I hate myself at times; and I know, if I married you, and saw you leading an inactive, an inglorious life, through shame of me and of my name, I should grow desperate, and despise both you and myself."

"Madeline, you are frank indeed," said Maurice, in a vexed tone.

"Do not be angry until you have heard all I have to say," she resumed, in her quietest voice. "A man was slain down yonder in that glen," she said, pointing to it as she spoke; "and, innocent or guilty my father perished for that man's death. You have told me you have doubts of the justice of that sentence, which branded him with a name I carry written on my heart. Well, I have doubts too. If I had not, I should not be sitting here with my hand clasped in yours. My doubts, or rather let me say, my belief, has come to me within the last twenty-four hours, and with it has sprung up this firm resolve, that until I clear my father's name I will be no man's wife."

"Madeline, Madeline!" cried Maurice, "you know not what you are saying. You cannot understand the enormous difficulty and cost of pursuing such an inquiry. Yours is a rash vow indeed. You might waste your health, your substance, your life, in striving to fulfil it, and yet fail in the end. And would you make my existence and your own a desert for the sake of this wild hope?"

"No," she answered sorrowfully, "but I would have you wait for our marriage till the hope is no longer wild, but sober and just; and then I would have you take me in the face of the world, by my own name, and let your first cause—the cause which shall bring you wealth and renown—be mine and my father's."

"And so you would give me my first brief, Madeline?" said Maurice, half smiling. "What a dreamer you are!"

"It is no dream," replied Madeline, quickly. "I will make it a reality."

"And you will make our love a reality also," continued her lover. "I will work with you, heart and soul, if you will promise to be my wife in a year's time."

"A year!" said Madeline, thoughtfully; "yes, my hope will have nothing wild, nothing dream-like about it by that time. I think I can safely promise you. And so great is my faith, that I will not shake it by adding a proviso. I will not say that if my hope crumbles into dust we must part, for I believe such an alternative will never occur."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Timber Trees as Indoor Ornaments.

Underneath the boughs of the oak may be found at the present season multitudes of ripe acorns that have fallen amidst the decaying leaves. These may, with the expenditure of an amount of trouble that is not worth a thought, be made to furnish most interesting and pleasing ornaments for our sitting rooms—their great attraction being that, living and growing, they are ever fresh and ever new. The simple process is as follows: Select a large, well-grown acorn, and by the aid of a very stout needle run a strong thread through it in such a manner that the acorn shall hang with the pointed end straight downwards. Now put the acorn so threaded in a clear glass bottle (for this purpose an empty gum bottle answers very well) place the two ends of thread over the opposite sides of the neck, and secure them by wrapping a few turns of fine thread or string around the neck, and fix the turns by tying the ends together. This done, pull upon the ends of the thread that pierces the acorn until the latter hangs fairly point downwards in the very centre of the bottle. Now pour in a little water until it just reaches, and no more, the point of the acorn. Then cut a small piece of card, with vandyked edges, which can be turned down so as to form a loose cover.

If the acorn so prepared be kept in an ordinary sitting room or placed on the mantel shelf, it will be seen that after a few days, more or less dependent on the warmth of the room, the shell will open at the point, and a white radical or long root will grow downwards into the water. This root will go on elongating for weeks. In a state of nature it would become the tap root of the oak; but, as in its glassy prison it cannot obey the attraction of the earth, it coils round and round the inner side of the glass until a foot or more is packed away in the little bottle, and small rootlets grow forth profusely from its sides. At last the upper coverings of the acorn split, and the plumule, in the form of a little green stem, forces its way out, bearing delicate fairy-like leaves of the most exquisitely tender green. These will grow with vigor, borne on a straight stem; the card covering will then have to be perforated to allow the little timber tree to grow out into the open air.

The interest excited by the growth of an acorn in this manner is very great. The little tree is, as it were, a child of your own rearing. All its requirements have been fulfilled by your own hands—the gardener has had nothing whatever to do with it; the little glass forcing house is all your own. You can set going a dozen or more if you like, and the growth of a forest of fairy oaks will gladden your eyes, even whilst the keen blasts from the icy north have checked all progress in the parent trees.

A NEW LANGUAGE.—The Albanians now struggling with Turkey in asserting their nationality, claim that Albanian shall be the official language of their country. The Albanians have two chief languages of their own, but they can not read them when other people write them, so they use Greek for written communications. Some years ago the Bible Society published a Testament in one of these tongues, which no one could read, so they printed another in the second language, but have also had to set up schools to teach the people to read it.

THE BIRD'S LESSON.

A bird last spring came to my window shutter,
One lonely morning, at the break of day,
And from his little throat did sweetly utter,
A most melodious lay.

He has no language for his joyous passion,
No solemn measure, no artistic rhyme,
Yet no devoted minstrel o'er did fashion
Such perfect tune and time.

It seem'd a thousand joys, a thousand stories,
All gushing forth in one tumultuous tide,
A hallelujah for the morning glories,
That bloom'd on every side.

I thought to emulate his wild emotion,
And learn thanksgiving from his tuneful tongue,
But human heart ne'er uttered such devotion,
Nor human heart such song.

At length he flew and left me in my sorrow,
Lest I should hear those tender notes no more,
And though I early watched for him each morrow,
He came not nigh my door.

Though now I hear from dawn to twilight hour,
The hoarse woodpecker and the noisy jay,
In vain I seek through leafless grove and bower,
The bird which sang in May.

And such, methinks, are childhood's dritting p'easures,
They charm a moment, and then fly away,
Through life we sigh and seek those missing treasures,
The birds which sang in May.

This little lesson then, my friend, remember,
To seize each bright wing'd blessing in its day,
And never hope to catch, in cold December,
The bird which sang in May.

THREE MEETINGS.

BY ASHLEY BALDWIN.

The Castle hill at Hightown was a place of popular resort, for it commanded a pleasing prospect, and it had been laid out by the enterprising inhabitants into terrace walks, with here and there benches for the weary. Upon a certain bright August afternoon, a young man was carelessly strolling along one of the paths, when his eye fell upon a book which some reader had left on a seat. He took possession of the volume; first for examination; and, secondly, for restoration to its lawful owner, if the same might be discovered.

"Spenser!" he exclaimed after glancing at the title-page. Next he sought for some record of the possessor of the work; but there was no name inscribed in it, nor did it furnish any clue to its late proprietor.

"What am I to do with this?" he murmured.—"bothered as I am with an amount of honesty which will oblige me to take a world of trouble to find the rightful owner. Stay, though, did I not meet a lady descending as I came up the road? I wonder if I could overtake her? I will try. I should know her again, I think."

Thus resolved, he turned the way he had come, and so hastened his steps that he quickly saw again, just in advance of him, the form he was in pursuit of.

"I beg your pardon," he said, lifting his hat. "Is not this book yours?"

At his first words she had stopped and faced him. Gentleman, his dress, bearing, everthing declared him to be. When she had satisfied herself by her rapid but complete survey, she answered him

"Yes, it is mine. I had forgotten it. Thank you very much."

"I am happy to have discovered it," he answered, handing it to her, and, bowing, went on his way, thinking of her pleasant smile and frank manner.

By evening however John Trevor had well nigh forgotten the trifling episode; but, having dined, he was hastening along the streets to pay a visit to some friends, when, turning a corner, a portion of a dialogue reached his ears and arrested his attention. Both voices were those of women, but women in very different classes of society.

"I dunno; theer's the church."

"But it is a cab, not the church that I want," said the lady, somewhat impatiently. "Is there a cabstand anywhere near?"

"I dunno," again said the person interrogated. And John Trevor, ever good natured, advanced to see if he could throw more light upon the matter in hand than the young person in the dirty bonnet, with face to match, appeared able to afford.

"I do not think you will get a cab about here. And you are going further away from all chance of one," he said, as he came forward. And then he perceived that the lady to whom he spoke was the girl whose book he had restored on the Castle hill. Only, her pretty light robes were now partially concealed beneath a long cloak.

At the same moment she recognised Trevor, and half bowing, explained. "They told me at the Post Office that I should get a cab at the back of the church but it seems not."

"How long a walk is it to the C. line station?" she asked next. "I wish to take the twenty minutes of eight train."

"It would take you half an hour, probably, and it is quarter past seven now," he answered, "but if you will let me show you a short cut, I think you may save your train."

"I can walk very fast," she said eagerly, looking like it, as she drew up her tall slender form. "Just tell me the way, please."

"It is too intricate for me to direct you. I will take you, if you do not mind," he added, in soft, reluctant accents.

"I do not mind," she said, gently; but her fair cheeks flushed visibly, nevertheless. "Except—except for wasting your time."

"I do not think the consequences would be very serious if a great deal more was spent than this quarter of an hour," he returned, with a pleasant laugh.

They hurried on talking as pleasantly as their unusual energy permitted and at length arrived at their destination.

"Here is the station; it wants two whole minutes of the time, and your train is not in yet," he said, conducting her to the waiting-room.

She sank on one of cushioned seats that lined the walls. "I do not think I should have accepted your offer if I had known how far I was taking you," she murmured, that delicate pink again painting her fair face.

"A few yards more or less will not tell in the day's work," he said lightly.

"How can I express my thanks to you for the service you have rendered me?" Saying which the girl took courage to look up into his handsome face. A very attractive countenance it was, with its sharp, clearly cut features, a pale brown moustache just shading the mouth, that smiled so readily to reveal the white teeth.

"Do not name it," he answered to her grateful acknowledgement. "Good evening," and bowing he withdrew.

In an another half hour Marion Holme had reached her destination, but it was a significant fact that she never narrated the past incident to her friends. Right merrily and with many a jest would she, under ordinary circumstances, have given the story of the chance meeting; but some feeling made her lay the experience up, a sacred treasure in her own heart.

A year went by, and Miss Marion Holme was Miss Marion Holme still. Offers in plenty had she; coronets were laid at her feet; men good and brave knelt for her favor. She did not spare them, for her nature was gentle and kind, and she strove to bind up with her tender hands the wounds that she had unwittingly inflicted; but she would have naught to do with anyone.

Her brother, who was her sole guardian, her parents being dead, said to her one day roughly:

"What do you expect? Are you waiting for a prince?"

"Yes," was the unhooked-for reply that Charles Holme received.

"Are you mad, Marion?"

"Of course it was only a jest," she said.

"Only a jest," she repeated to herself as though she was trying to convince her own heart. "My prince of chivalry, where are you? What has become of you, my prince?"

* * * * *

It was midnight; but the assembly rooms of Hightown were blazing with light, and from the open windows came sounds of music, for a ball was being held there that night. This fact alone was scarcely noteworthy, but this particular ball was nearly being distinguished by a tragic circumstance.

The large hall, where the dancing proceeded, was decorated with festoons of evergreens, and from these hung at intervals small colored lamps. The effect was pretty; but, when the crowd was thickest, and the revelry and gaiety at their height, one of these pendulous stars broke loose and fell:—fell upon the skirts of a lady, and the gauzy fabric, of which her dress was composed, ignited instantly. The next moment the unfortunate creature was enveloped in flames.

A rush and confusion ensued. Cries of alarm or curiosity arose on all sides, while advice, mostly of a remarkable character, was freely tendered.

The din of voices reached the ears of a young man in the act of quitting the room. Upon the outcry, he arrested his steps, and retraced them to the scene of the excitement. The music had ceased; the dancers were all hurrying to one centre; the marvel was that, in the throng and tumult, the fire had not spread and the mischief increased.

"Let me see! What is it?" said the fresh arrival, Dr. Trevor, authoritatively; and some of those present, recognising him as a medical man belonging to the town, gave way readily to permit his approach. He advanced to the sufferer, and the eyes, wide with alarm and pain, which met his were those of the girl to whom a year ago he had said they should meet again. They had met. But thus! His heart, stirred before only in the interests of humanity, now throbbed with an intense personal anxiety.

"Save me," she cried, hope supplanting the torture and fright in the wide eyes, as she recognised him.

Trevor glanced at her arms and shoulders; but could see only large surface burns; so he whispered, "Are you equal to leaving the room? Do you think you can walk?"

"Yes," she answered, her courage and spirits rising in the comfort and strength of his care. "I could not help it, Mrs. Cholmondoley; it was an accident." This last remark being addressed to a little lady who was wringing her hands over Marion and crying.

Perceiving that this lady was responsible for, it not actually a relative of the injured girl, Trevor gave her one or two plain directions, and the sufferer was quickly conveyed away into a cooler apartment in the hotel, which adjoined the Assembly Rooms. Having done what he could for the young lady's relief in the present, Dr. Trevor spoke to Mrs. Cholmondeley.

"I have applied some temporary dressing to the injured surfaces, and I should advise your getting the young lady home and sending for your own medical man. The morning will be time enough, though; she will do until then."

"But we live twenty miles from here."

"Ah! she will not be fit for such a journey for a day or two."

"And I hope," said little Mrs. Cholmondeley, who was fidgety, but who was not without delicacy and refinement—"and I hope you will continue to take charge of the case."

Dr. Trevor bowed in grave formality.

"If not inconveniencing you too much, it would be best," he said. And, making an appointment for the morning, took his leave, and sallied forth into the air. Only, however, to saunter about in the moonlight and dream of the fair girl whom chance had again brought across his path.

"Shall I be a great fright from this accident?" his fair patient asked Dr. Trevor one day that Mrs. Cholmondeley had been called out of the room, leaving them alone, and free to chatter, as their happy, foolish young hearts chose.

"No Miss——" there he suddenly checked himself, catching up his words on the brink of pronouncing her name.

"You know my name?" she said, glancing up into his face.

"I do know it, but I do not presume to use it until you give me leave."

"Marion Holme, that is it. Yes, you have my full and free leave."

"I shall take you at your word," said he, audaciously. "Marion—I like it."

Miss Holme felt as if she ought to reprove him, but was not quite clear in her mind how to specify his offence; so deferring his amendment for the present, she asked, "How came you there—to my help? I mean the night of the bill when I was burnt."

"Fate, I suppose. I had been at a dinner party, and had turned in for half an hour to the ball. I was in the act of quitting the room when the outcry arose, and detained me."

"You always appear when I am in want of care," she murmured.

He rose from his seat and stood behind her chair while he spoke his next words: "My darling, do you know that it is the great hope of my life to have you always for my care—and my delight. Do not answer me now; let me have time, let me try to win you; do not send me away."

Perfect silence upon her part, but she trembled as the trees do when the summer breeze passes over them.

"Marion! speak to me!" he cried, with lover-like inconsistency, after a moment's pause, coming round to her side. Her face has drooped on her breast to hide her emotion from his devouring gaze; but she could not quite screen its blushes and radiance.

"Marion," he whispered, "will you give yourself to me? Bid me hope."

"If I do," she said, "you must undertake not to pick up any more books for ladies on the Castle hill."

"If a whole library lay there, I would not rescue a volume."

"Nor escort helpless young ladies to the station."

"Had railways to be abolished for want of passengers, I would render no help. At least," he added, with a kiss upon her sweet lips, "not without coming home to fetch you to take care of me."

She felt herself answered, so did he and both were happy.

PARISIAN KNICKNACKS.

Very favorable to the optician's trade and to novel fancies in this department is a belief which prevails among the French that an Englishman cannot travel without an eyeglass, any more than a German without his spectacles. There are opera-glasses with wedding rings round the centre, and the latest, called "Jumelles," have twin cupids in carved ivory for their chief ornament. As spectacles and eyeglasses, however, do not admit of much decoration, and the latter especially are simply a piece of crystal, much imagination is lavished on their cases. The new spectacle receptacles are silver and gold monograms, with figures on velvet; but the lacquered are lighter, and, as a Japanese vein now runs through society, this is the style preferred.

The article of which many charming ornaments are made is cherry wood, and among the number may be mentioned the smoker's table—a most convenient, light piece of furniture for the smoking-room, holding semi-circular racks for tobacco, pipes, and matches. They are also manufactured in combinations of other fancy and perfumed woods, while the accessories are gilt and engraved. A very suitable ornament for the smoking room likewise is a bronze lamp, of novel contrivance. It is a bird hanging from the centre of the ceiling to a flexible rod, which is a gas conductor. It holds in its beak a branch of flowers, each of which is a burner. A hanging lamp for the study is called La Juive. It is a beautiful bronze star, with a burner at each point. Some of these Hebrew stars are made with appliances for the walls of passages and the hall. They are not unlike the small lamps figured in pictures of the wise and foolish maidens; but, in addition to these, a star hovers above.

Bamboo sentry boxes will be the novelty for study seats next winter. Instead of a wicker hood above head, a beautiful piece of applique cloth will be slung over the top of supporting poles, and it is easy to foresee what will be done for the fitting up of such lonesome recesses. Nothing could be invented to express more eloquently a desire to be left alone. Some of the shapes have a rounded sulky-looking back, sentry seats can be placed side by side—a plan which isolates two persons, and which was daily carried out in the Trocadero garden, at the Paris Exposition.

A profile sketch of this kind is a delightful bit; a lady's crooked-rimmed hat protrudes between, and the knob of a gentleman's stick, or the silhouette of his face, on the other, indicates that the occupants are comparing notes or making suggestions of a strictly private character.

The other articles in bamboo are gilt and plain suspension jardinieres, and baskets adorned with bits of colored cloth and worked flannel, with chenille balls, or feather ornaments.

The art with which feathers are clipped for the sake of a speck, a patch, or mark of brilliant coloring is truly novel. Scotch plaid being fashionable, and nature not having created a single plaid bird, our milliners and decorators are inventing gaudy combinations which are supposed to make up for the deficiency. There are called "harmonies." But what does not industry do? We have in the knicknack line statues of eminent men in soap, and the busts of reputed actresses in chin lather.

Another novelty is crystallised fruit on rubber foliage, which at garden parties is used for plates. The leaf supporting a slice of frosted pineapple is a perfect imitation of nature, and the stem is a most convenient handle. Sugared raspberries afford an equally convenient foundation.

THE REVIEWER.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

The subject of "Oratory and Orators," is well discussed by William Mathews, LL.D., in a book published by S. C. Griggs & Co., of Chicago, and will be a useful compendium for those whose tastes and talents are directed to the "rostrum." The author explains in the preface the object of the book is to awaken a fresh interest in oratory by encouraging the study and the higher cultivation of it. Although the country is deluged by public speakers, there is little oratory and less real eloquence, and for this reason he shows the value and importance of oratorical studies, which, in creating a higher appreciation of the art, improves the taste, and is calculated to check the loquacity and empty verbiage so often heard from the platform. For sale by Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city. Price, $2.

"It is the Fashion," is the title of a translation from the German of Adelheid Von Auer, by Mrs. Wister, and published by Lippincott, as one of their handy "Star Series." It is written in the form of pleasant chatty letters which describe the follies of the day sanctioned by fashion and found so much in domestic life. Many of the incidents show up the precocity of children and the unfortunate latitude given to them by over indulgent parents, and some valuable reasons can be drawn from the picture.

"Little Pitcher" is an illustrated pleasant little story for children told in a charming style, by Sophie May, the author of the Flaxie Frizzle stories, and many other series which have had great popularity with children, and "Little Pitcher" will, without doubt, have the same success. Published by Lee & Shepard, of Boston.

"The French Revolutionary Epoch," is the title of a history of France from the first revolution to the end of the Second Empire. Written by Henry Van Laun, and published by the Appletons. The subject deals with those eventful epochs of history which have been especially attractive and interesting to the student as well as casual reader, and although the writer does not enter into a thorough analysis of the various complications connected with that period with their antecedent causes and subsequent effects it will prove an acceptable and faithful picture of those times presented in close relation with each other.

MAGAZINES.

"The Popular Science Monthly," for December, is filled with interesting articles on the following subjects: "Edison's Telephonic and Acoustic Inventions," illustrated, by George B. Prescott; "Fever; Factories," by F. L. Oswald, M. D.; "Education as a Science," has its concluding article "The Emotions in Education," by Prof. Bain; "Explosions from Combustible Dust," by Prof. Peck; "Prof. Huxley before the English Copyright Commission," "Strange Animal Friendships," "The Science of Easy Chairs," "Language and the Emotions," by Dr. Charles Waldstein; "Biology and Woman's Rights," "Animal Intelligence," by George Romanes; sketch of Dr. Peterman, with portrait, and Editor's Table of useful matters.

"The Nursery," published by John L. Shorey, of Boston, comes for December filled with lovely pictures and stories and poetry for the youngest little ones, to whom it must be a treasure of good things.

NEWS OF INTEREST

It is thought that Liberia will become a great cotton producer.

The Evangelical Mennonites have resolved to expel members who get their lives insured.

Orange flowers are a cure for sleeplessness. In the south of France they are served with tea as an antidote.

Instead of leaving flowers and wreaths on the graves of dead friends, custom expects the people of Madrid to leave visiting cards.

By the side of the Valle Theatre in Rome, Italy, a church built by the American Baptists at a cost of $20,000 has just been opened.

Hume, the Spiritualist medium, is again conspicuous in Paris and London, where he is exciting considerable interest among the credulous.

The Chinese Minister to London has an agreeable wife, whose appearance in English society has somewhat startled her native country.

Stanley is drawing immense audiences in London, his listeners being so much interested as to give him their attention for two whole hours.

The Peking Statt-Zeiting prints a letter from a Chinese scholar asserting that the telephone was invented prior to 1200 A. D., by a resident of Peking.

The late Col. Walton Dwight, of Binghamton, carried $258,000 insurance on his life. A post-mortem examination was made according to his expressed desire.

"The science and geometry of dress" will hereafter be a branch of instruction in the Indianapolis schools, compulsory on the female pupils in certain of the grammar grades.

Queen Margaret, of Italy, is said to be one of those happily constituted people who never feel fatigue. Her life, full of traveling and public ceremonies, seems to suit her perfectly.

Mme. Gerster has been invited to sing at the golden wedding of the Emperor of Germany next spring, and has been thanked by a cable despatch for her acceptance of the invitation.

On a certain ridge of Kearsage Mountain, in California, there is a place where, at about midday, the rumble of trains on the Southern Pacific Railroad, 16 miles distant, may be heard.

"How Jonah Lost His Umbrella" was the title of a sermon which drew to a Newport, R. I., church many people who never suspected that the preacher referred to the prophet's gourd.

According to Dr. Tarnier a milk diet will cure obesity. To cure indigestion chew green leaves when you are out walking—any leaf you choose, except those of noxious plants, of course.

Richard Realf wound up his death song with "Plant daisies at my head and at my feet." At the burial a pretty little girl of seven years, with a bunch of daisies in each hand, fulfilled his wish.

Mr. Ward, the British Consul at Bremen, writes to his Government that carrier-pigeons are now used regularly between the German coast and its contiguous islands, where telegraph lines do not exist.

This is likely to be a winter of dreadful distress in England. In the cotton districts the forebodings are of the gloomiest. The glut of goods is unprecedented, and production is being restricted on all sides.

The marriage of the aged King of Holland to the young Princess Emma, of Waldeck-Pyrmont, is so unpopular among the Dutch that it is said the ceremony will not even take place within his Majesty's dominions.

Mrs. Tennyson, the wife of the poet, has long been an invalid. A great part of the time she receives on a sofa in her drawing room, where she receives her guests and delights them by the wit, grace and cleverness of her conversation.

C. M. Mills, of Troy, N. Y., who rescued Miss Lillian Van Keuren, of that city, from drowning at Rockaway last summer, was married to her a few days since, this romantic denouement being the direct result of their meeting on that occasion in the surf.

John McCarthy, of the China Island Mission, has probably performed the most remarkable journey ever made through China. He left China at the close of 1876 and reached Bhamo in August, 1877, having traveled 3,000 miles. Wearing the Chinese costume, he met with no difficulty.

A patent was lately issued for a coffin torpedo, which consists of a canister containing powder, balls, and a firing trigger, so arranged that, should any attempt be made to open the coffin, the torpedo would be instantly exploded, with a loud noise, and deadly balls sent in all directions.

One of the directors of the Liberian Exodus association writes home from Liberia that the emigrants are dying off rapidly and starvation stares him in the face, and that if his white friends in North Carolina will send him money to bring him and his family home he will never cease to pray and work for them.

Princess Thyra, the betrothed of the Duke of Cumberland, met her spouse elect three years ago in Rome, and is said to have then become warmly attached to him. Her sister, the Princess of Wales, has taken a warm interest in the engagement, believing that it will result in great domestic happiness to the parties.

I. A farmer of Pennsylvania, aged eighty, married a girl of twenty. II. The bride's elder brother had previously espoused the groom's only daughter. III. The old gentleman, therefore, is his son-in-law's brother-in-law, and his wife is her sister-in-law's stepmother and her brother's stepmother-in-law, etc., etc.

Dissenters in Russia number 10,000,000. The Stundists, who have the same relation to the Greek Church as the Methodists do to the Church of England, are increasing so rapidly that the Minister of Public Worship has despatched a commission to Odessa to inquire into the circumstances attending the growth of that and other heterodox sects.

Philip Cunliffe Owen, who has been knighted by Queen Victoria, in recognition of his services at the Vienna, Paris, and Philadelphia exhibitions, has been connected with such enterprises since he was a boy, and he is now an elderly man. As long ago as 1855 he was superintendant of one of the departments of the Paris Exhibition held in that year.

According to reports from various parts of England winter weather is setting in. Snow has fallen in considerable quantities in North Staffordshire, accompanied by severe frost and intense cold. In Scotland there have been heavy showers of snow and sleet. In most districts the ground is covered with snow, and everywhere the hills are coated.

Peter J. Wagner, of Fort Plain, N. Y., is one of the oldest ex Congressmen living. He has passed four score; was contemporary with Clay, Webster and Calhoun, of whom he relates many anecdotes; is a polished gentleman of the old school; is strictly temperate; still delights to mingle in social gatherings; never wears an overcoat, even in the coldest weather, and, notwithstanding his accumulated years, is still as lively as most men at forty.

Lovely Beings.

Nothing fills the eye of man more charmingly than a brilliant complexion, a handsome face with womanly features of marble delicacy, together with all those "little extras" which help make up other prominent and harmless demands. How to improve female complexion and how to preserve the skin, to combine the useful with the rejuvenating, is now no longer a secret, simply by using a toilet preparation which is harmless, and famously known as Laird's "Bloom of Youth." It protects, but never destroys, removing all discolorations, freckles, tan, etc. Nothing like it. Depot, 22 John street, New York. Sold at all druggists and fancy goods stores.

AURORA.

BY H. W. HOLLEY.

A homely face is mine, she cries,
I have no claim to beauty;
Yet faithfully my true heart tries,
To always do its duty.
Then why should I, her face compare,
With brilliant belle's, like Nora?
'Tis soul that makes the features fair,
Therefore I crown Aurora!

I crown her Queen of Beauty, she,
Whose greatest charm reposes,
Within her mind, which unto me
She lovingly discloses.
To me this soul-life makes her cheek,
More fair than that of Nora.
And thus he who earth's fairest seeks,
Will crown his own Aurora!

WEAKER THAN A WOMAN.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "DORA THORNE," "THE COST OF HER LOVE," "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT."

CHAPTER XXIII.—[CONTINUED.]

"You still care for me, darling," he said gently; "why, then, Violet, matters must come right in the end. This dark hour will pass, and happiness will dawn upon us."

So she lay sobbing near the noble heart she was breaking, while the wind wailed round them with a strange mournful sound.

Violet was the first to speak. She raised her lovely face all wet with tears. "You do not understand, Felix," she said quietly. "I do love you—that makes my cowardice all the greater. I love you, but I can never marry you, because you cannot give me that which my soul loves best."

"But what if I do give it to you, Violet—what then?" he asked.

"You cannot; you must work hard all your life even for the moderate means that you will have. Do not talk any more about it. Felix, my resolution is fixed as are the stars in heaven; nothing can alter it, nothing can change it. We have made a mistake."

And for the first time during that interview it dawned across him that it was no girlish caprice he had to contend with, no idle whim, but the settled resolve of a woman in whose heart love took a secondary place.

Looking at her exquisite face, he asked himself, what if all this time he had been mistaken, if he had given this beautiful woman credit for a noble soul and a tender heart, while she had neither? Such things had been; men had made even greater mistakes than that. What if she were worldly and selfish, false and pleasure-loving, even to the core of her heart? Could any one so fair be so false? Could an ignoble soul live in a beautiful body? He looked at her; her most fair and lovely face was all stained with tears. Was such a contradiction possible as that she should willfully give him up, yet weep because she had lost him—that she should separate herself from him, refuse to marry him, yet weep because he was lost to her? He did not turn, as some men would have done, and ask himself, "who shall understand a woman?" He tried patiently to understand her.

"Violet, you puzzle me," he said. "Let me understand; you love me, you say?"

She sobbed out that she could not help it.

"You love me, yet you willfully break your promise to marry me. You send me away of your own free will, not because you do not love me, but because I have not money enough. Is that it, Violet?"

She did not deny it; it was the exact truth. He continued:

"You love me, and I am what you call poor. You send me away, and a richer man comes. You will marry him because he is rich; you will marry him for his money while you love me. Violet Haye, do you know what the law of God calls such a sin? Do you think your weak subterfuge of calling this crime of yours 'changing your mind' will hold good when you are judged for your actions, and the just award is given to you? What is murder, Violet Haye? If that white hand of yours had thrust a sword into my heart, you would have slain me no less cruelly than you have killed me now."

He put her from him with a bitter cry—a cry that haunted her for long years.

"You have slain the best part of me; you have slain my love, my hope; and before the great Judge I shall accuse you of my murder, Violet Haye—I shall ask for the hope, the love, the life you have taken. I shall point to you, and I shall cry out that you slew me because you loved the gold I could not give you. Before Heaven, you have slain me!"

His despair frightened her; she drew nearer to him and tried to soothe him, but he would not let her hands touch him.

"You are not worth a man's thought, you are not worth a man's love," he cried, "you who have slain the truest of loves! Do not touch me. It is such women as you who lure men on to death, who take a man's heart and crush it like a rose-leaf. No, do not touch me, Violet"—for she clung to him, weeping and crying out that he was too hard upon her—too hard.

"No, I am not hard," he said. "To my mind there is but one kind of love, and the soul of it is truth. I do not understand such love as yours. Oh, Violet, once more let me appeal to you and warn you! Dear, you are all wrong—all wrong—and you will find it out too late. Believe me, Heaven has so made woman that to her the chief good is love—to her love is religion and life. Are you of a different nature that you can dispense with love?"

"It would not make me happy," she answered, in a low voice.

"So you think, dear, in the pride of youth and beauty; but, believe me, though you may win the wealth you prize so highly, the time will come when you will be ready to surrender it all for love and you shall not find it. Remember my words; you will long for the love you now throw away—you will live to curse your own folly in giving up the substance for the shadow."

Her tears fell while she listened silently to words that haunted her for ever. His voice softened as he went on.

"You will not be young always, Violet. The time must come when your hair will have lost its golden sheen and your eyes their light. What will wealth do for you then? If sickness comes to you, will all the wealth of the whole world purchase for you the tender touch of a loving hand or the tender words of a loving voice? You will be, my darling, through long hours of pain thinking of me, longing for me, wondering how you could have been so mad as to send me from you, crying out my name, until you remember that to love me is a crime and that in my place you have the wealth you have chosen. Think of the long days when you will miss me. Ah, Violet, mind, lest in breaking my heart you break your own! I warn you that you cannot live without love; heed my warning before it is too late."

She made him no answer. He continued:

"I can see farther into the future than you, Violet, and with clearer eyes. I prophesy to you that the time will come when you will repent of what you are doing now, and be willing to give your whole soul to undo it. Will you heed my warning?"

Her heart went out to him in love and pity; but there was the picture before her of Garswood—the thought of the diamonds—of herself as Lady Chevenix.

"I cannot," she said.

He stood quite still for a few moments.

"You forsake me, then, for a richer lover—you give up my love for gold? Say, in plain words, that you do so; do not let there be a chance of mistake, Violet—do not let any false halo linger round your memory in the years to come. You give me up because I have not money enough?"

"Yes," she replied; but the word came slowly and with great reluctance.

"I shall not regret you, Violet—you are not worth regret!" he said; but she cried out:

"Do not be so hard, Felix; I—I am weaker than a woman."

"You are indeed," he said gravely. "Some women's weakness is half divine; yours is—well, I will give it no name; I know none that describes anything one half so false."

"You are very hard, Felix."

He laughed aloud, and pleasure-loving Violet Haye wished never to hear such another laugh.

"I have no place here now, Violet. I will say farewell. My dear love, my lost love, farewell! Lay your sweet cruel hands in mine once again—let me look into your sweet face once more. Farewell, little white hands—you will caress me and stab me no more. Farewell, sweet eyes—you will look no more into mine. Farewell, golden head—you will never lie on my breast again—never again. Farewell! 'Beauty such as woman never wore,' heart most false, love most cruel—farewell!"

His voice died away in a low wail, and the next moment he was gone, and she stood there weeping for that which she could never recall.

"How cruel fate is!" she said. "I love Felix. Why could Felix not have Sir Owen's fortune? I almost wish that I had never seen Sir Owen. I did not think that I should care about Felix so much."

It was something to the spoiled, petted beauty to feel pain—to weep without being comforted. She was unjust enough to think that Felix should have stayed to comfort her—should not have left her so wretched.

Then she realised that her faithful lover, so tender, so true, and so brave, had passed out of her life, and would be nothing to her for all time. She was impatient with her own misery—her own sorrow.

"If the time could come over again," she said, "I would not do it; I would marry, let him be poor as he might."

But it was done; it was all over. She thought to herself that with such a lover she had managed well, for what he had said was true—many a man had taken a woman's life for less provocation. Now she was free from all ties—free to marry Sir Owen—to enjoy wealth, rank, fashion, diamonds, and everything else—free to become what Sir Owen promised her—the queen of the county, the queen of fashion—free to trample on Lady Rolfe and those who had sneered at her—free to go her own way. As for what Felix had said about her being branded, what nonsense it was! Girls did the same thing every day, and were thought none the worse for so doing. True, she remembered Mrs. Bardon, who had been engaged for three or four years to a young officer in the Army, and who had jilted him (it was such an ugly word that)—jilted him to marry a wealthy landowner. Her husband afterwards turned out to be one of the most miserly and disagreeable men living. Then, when she complained, people said it served her right; she should not have broken a good man's heart.

"But my story," thought Violet Haye, "is quite different from that. I looked more like one born to be Lady Chevenix than born to be the wife of a poor struggling lawyer."

She was not very angry with pretty Jennie, but she warned her that her interview with Mr. Lonsdale must be kept secret. She believed that Felix had bribed the girl—not that the girl had told Felix.

It was just as well, she thought, that the interview had taken place; there must have been a scene sometime or other. Now the matter was all settled, and she could go to London with a mind free from all anxiety. The grandeur awaiting her there must surely comfort her, for her heart ached for Felix—his burning stinging words haunted her.

Who should say that on that white brow of hers was branded "liar?" Felix would be dreadfully distressed when he heard of her marriage. She knew that he would feel it most keenly; but then after a time he would forget it—no one would bear animosity against the young and charming Lady Chevenix. When she came back again, she and Felix would be friends. She would make overtures of friendship to him, and he would not decline them; he had always been so fond of her—poor Felix!

So she went away the next day to London, trying to forget the past and to think of the future. She did not care to remember that morning found her pillow wet with tears, for she had been dreaming of Felix.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Felix Lonsdale had tried his best; he had done hard battle with his sorrow—the sorrow that had come to him while the summer moon was shining and the corn stood ripe in the fields. He had done hard, fierce, terrible battle with it. It stood there ever by his side; no one had detected it yet—its presence was a secret from every one except himself. It stood by the table, and made the sight of all food loathsome to him; it stood by his books and papers, and its dark shadow made them illegible to him—he read no words save these—that Violet was false to him; it stood by his pillow and would not let him sleep; it came between him and the brightness of earth—between him and the mercy of Heaven. He was stunned, dazed, and bewildered by it; still he did brave battle with it. He looked at the invalid father, at the kindly mother, at the "army" of little ones; there was work to do, and he must do it. The home must be kept up, business attended to; money must be made, the home must not be neglected. Indulgence in sorrow was not luxury for him.

He hardened himself, he hardened his heart; he said that there was neither mercy nor kindness nor love in the world; could not see the kindly look in Kate's tender eyes; he would not kiss the children's faces; when the Sabbath bells chimed he went miles away. Fate had been cruel to him, he would harden himself; he would be proud and stern, cold and unbending—he would give back what he had received. So hour by hour and day by day he hardened his heart, hardened his nature, and only Heaven knew what he suffered.

Within a week after his farewell to Violet, his face had grown so haggard that it was hardly recognisable, the kindly eyes had a wild, weird expression, as though he were always suffering mortal pain—the ring had gone from his voice, from his laugh; he was an altered man. How he worked! He said to himself that work was the only thing which could keep him from going mad.

But it told upon him—no food, no sleep, no rest would he take—this constant warfare that kept every nerve strained. It seemed to him that if he once gave way, even if only for a moment—if he opened his heart to the dreadful sorrow waiting to be admitted—if he closed his eyes in rest—he must die. Colder and harder and prouder he grew, shutting himself and his sorrow in icy reserve; and at last Kate grew so miserable about him that she sent for Evelyn.

"I must talk to you, Eve," she said, "or my heart will break. I do not like to distress my husband—he is ill enough; and, if Felix goes on like this much longer, he will have a terrible illness, or he will die. What is the matter with him, Eve? He does not eat or sleep; he looks like a man who has been stunned; he grows so hard and cold that I am almost afraid of him. He does not open his heart to me, he avoids me, he does not look at me—he who used to love me so well. What is the matter with him, Eve?"

Eve looked very pale and sad, her sweet face was clouded; but Kate, in her distress, did not notice it.

"I can tell you what is the mater," she replied—"I heard it this afternoon. Violet Haye has gone to London to be married."

Kate cried out that it was impossible—that it could not be—Violet Haye was betrothed to Felix.

"It is so," said Eve—"aunt Jane told me about it this afternoon; and, fearing you would be in great trouble, I came to you at once. Violet broke off her engagement with Felix some short time since, and she is gone to London to be married."

"Married to whom!" cried Kate, in hot anger for her boy's sake.

"I do not know—she has so many admirers; but I believe it is some very rich man. Mrs. Haye is wild with excitement about it. She told my aunt the day before they started." And then, remembering how Felix loved Violet, they both wept together.

"I understand it all now," said Kate. "My poor boy has hidden it from us lest we should know what he suffered. Evelyn, does Heaven punish treachery?"

"I am afraid so," she replied gently. "You say that Felix has grown hard and cold. Tell me where he is, that I may go and see him."

"He is at the office," replied Mrs. Lonsdale. "Do go to him, Eve. He was always fond of you—he always trusted you. Go and try if you can comfort him."

A slight shadow of pain came over the sweet face—it passed in a minute.

"Yes," she said thoughtfully, "he always trusted me. I will go and see what I can do for him."

Eve walked gently through the warm sunlit streets. Many looked after her as she went on her mission of mercy—after the tall graceful figure in the simple muslin dress, the plain pretty hat, with the broad brim. On her fair sweet face, as she walked along, thinking what she should say to him, a beautiful light shone.

She went into the office without any announcement—she had done so since she was a child. Only Felix sat there, his pale, haggard face bent over his papers, a shadow like death in his eyes. He looked up in wonder at his visitor. Eve, with her sweet face, and the strange light upon it, looked like an angel come to minister to him.

"Evelyn," he said, "you are an unexpected visitor."

She went round to him, and stood by the side of his chair.

"Felix," she said, "I know what has happened, and I am come to comfort you."

"Comfort! 'Comfort scorned of devils,' the poet sings. Eve," he laughed, "what comfort can you give me?"

She took the papers from his hands, and started on that warm day to find his fingers as cold as death. She held them in her own—her sweet eyes filled with tears.

"Felix, you must not harden your heart against me, dear. You must not keep me outside it. We have been such true friends—such dear friends always. Do not be hard and cold and proud with me, dear friend."

"I will not, Eve," he returned gently. "Heaven bless you, Eve!"

"Listen to me a little while, Felix," she said—and her voice stole like a strain of sweetest music over his tired senses. "No man can know a greater sorrow than this sorrow of yours. The one you loved and trusted has deceived you. Violet has been false to you."

He shrank back with a cry at the sound of the words. She only clasped his hands the more tightly.

"Never mind the pain, Felix," she said. "It is right that you should accustom yourself to hear the words, and not shrink from them. Violet has proved false to you. I know how you loved her, and I know that the words cut you like a sharp knife."

"It is true, Eve," he told her in a low voice—"it is quite true. She has forsaken me."

"It is a terrible sorrow," she said—"no greater sorrow could have befallen you: but, Felix, do not let it harden you. People treat the visitation of sorrow so unwisely. Some, when sorrow falls to their lot, harden their harts, shut all tenderness, all love, all affection away from them. They change their whole natures. To such persons God's dealing comes as a curse, not a blessing."

"Such sorrow as mine must be a curse," he returned sadly.

"By no means. You know the old saying, 'Sorrows are but blessings in disguise.' Who can say in after-years what guise their sorrow may wear?"

"But I loved her so dearly, Eve; and I have lost her," he said.

"I know that you loved her; but, Felix, has there never been a mistaken love? Have you never heard of a man idolizing a woman, and worshipping in her virtues that she never possessed? The very fact that Violet could prove false to you proves also that she was unworthy of your love, that you thought her possessed of qualities quite foreign to her, and that she is not worth all this passion of regret."

"I loved her," was all he answered.

"I know, dear friend—I know"—and Evelyn's voice was sweet as the cooing of a dove—"and it is a terrible grief to you. Felix, because we are such dear and true friends, I am come to talk to you about this sorrow. There are three ways in which men meet sorrow. The weaker part of them fly at once to drink, to dissipation, to a reckless kind of despair; they have no nobility. You are above that. Others harden themselves; they shut out all love and sympathy from their hearts; they grow cold and proud, so that no kindly influence reaches them. Others—and, dear friend, believe me, these are the noble ones—accept sorrow as part of the discipline of life, as a gift from Heaven; and, while they accept it with humility, they bear it with dignity. It makes them nobler, grander, and better. It is an education that prepares them for heaven. Which of the three classes will you join, Felix?"

"The last, if I can, Eve," he said slowly. He looked at the light on her fair face.

"Believe me," she went on earnestly, "we shall not know, until we come to die, what great sorrows do for us, and then we shall thank Heaven for them. There is something weak and cowardly in the idea of being beaten by any trouble. This world is a battle-field, and we must fight nobly; the temptation to yield weakly to a great grief is one of the hardest that comes to us. It would be so much easier for you, Felix, to lie down and die than to do battle day by day, and so have to live your sorrow down."

"Yes, it would, Eve," he replied.

"A soul that has never suffered is but a puny soul," she said; "the strong and noble soul is the one that passes through the furnace of fire and comes out pure gold—not base metal or gold with an alloy—but pure refined true gold. The mystery is why men and women must all suffer; but that we shall never fathom; we only know that 'God sends pain—even to his best beloved He sends pain.'"

Something in the brave face and the brave patient voice touched him. He looked up at her suddenly.

"Surely, Eve," he said, "you have had no sorrow that you should speak in such a fashion?"

She smiled, and he thought how like her face was to that of pictured angels.

"Yes," she said, "I have a great sorrow; but it is dumb—it will never find a voice—it will die with me, and be buried in my grave."

"What has your sorrow done for you, Eve?" he asked, after a time.

Again came the beautiful light on the sweet face.

"It has opened my heart," she replied, "it has killed all self-love, it has made me love and pity every one who has suffered, it has taught me that life is but short, and that heaven is my true home."

"It shall teach me the same," he said, "if you will help me, Eve. I loved her so dearly that my loss has almost killed me."

His pride and self-control gave way—he sobbed like a child.

"My dear old friend!" said Eve; and, as simply as a child might have done it, she drew his head upon her arm, and the first tears he shed over the great sorrow of his life fell on her kindly ministering hands.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

In Queen's Square.

BY C. M.

I awoke with a start, as a small shower of pebbles struck my bed-room window. To rub my eyes, look at my watch (which stood at 4 a. m.,) and realize that someone was trying, and had a last succeeded in waking me, was the work of a moment. Getting out of bed, I threw up the window of my chamber, and looked out into the street.

On the pavement below a police constable was standing, with an official-looking letter in his hand.

"I was to deliver this to you without loss of time, sir," he said, on seeing me. "Mr. Thornton said it was most important," and he threw it up to me.

On breaking the seal, I read—

"Memorandum from Chief Thorton to Detective Simpson. 23rd July, 3.30 a.m. A report just brought in that Mr. Emanual Jones, of Queen's Square, Bloomsbury, has been murdered during the night. You will at once investigate the matter, and report in the usual manner."

"So," thought I, as I hurriedly dressed myself, "poor old Jones, the money-lender, has gone to his last account! I wonder who will come in for the hoards of money that he is said to have ground out of many a poor wretch!"

Finishing my toilet, I hastened into the street, and hailing the first hansom I saw, jumped into it, and was soon at Queen's Square.

In answer to my knock, the door opened, not by the sort of janitor one would expect to see in a stronghold of usury, but by a fair young girl of some eighteen years.

There were visible signs of emotion on the pale young face—and no wonder, the girl informed me that her name was Amelia Jones, and that her uncle, Emanual Jones, who had been murdered, was the only relative she had.

I asked leave to see the room where the fearful deed had been committed, and Miss Jones having explained the locality, I at once made my way up to it.

On a four-post bedstead in the middle of the room lay a something covered over with a sheet. I turned that down, and a ghastly spectacle presented itself. The convulsed look of the features showed that the death-struggle had been long and severe.

I was glad to leave such a horrible sickening sight.

At the foot of the stairs I met Miss Jones.

Among other things she told me the breakfast parlor window at the back of the house was found open in the morning.

We at once went into that room. I found the ledge, or sill, outside the window was about six feet from the ground—certainly not too high to prevent an active man from climbing in—and underneath the flower bed, was the impression of a man's foot, of rather a large size. I immediately searched the flower-bed that ran parallel with the garden-wall to see if I could find any further impression, to show how the intruder had gained access to the garden. But I could find nothing to guide me.

I must say that this somewhat puzzled me. But on passing round to the side door to gain readmittance to the house, for the first time I observed the ash-heap, and one of the first objects that caught my eye was the top of a boot sticking out.

I immediately uncovered a clumsy pair of old boots from the *debris*. The size seemed to correspond with the marks on the flower-bed, and upon placing them upon the impression I found they fitted exactly.

"Ah—ah!" I thought. "Someone has tried to play a very deep game."

I re-entered the place, and asked Miss Jones to try and remember who had been in the house the day before.

The poor girl answered me as well as her grief would permit her.

"No one; only myself and the servant Jane."

"Pardon me," I said; "I was not aware that there was a servant in the house."

"Oh, there is not one now!" she answered. "Jane was so terrified when we discovered the crime, that she said she could not stay in a house where such a dreadful act had been committed—she knew it would kill her. And when she left, in my hurry and excitement, I stupidly forgot to ask her destination."

Just then the postman's knock sounded at the door, and a letter was thrust into the letterbox, and fell on the mat.

It was addressed to "Miss Alice Graham" in a pointed French handwriting.

"Miss Graham!" I said, handing the letter to Miss Jones; "the postman surely must have made a mistake."

"Oh, no," she replied, taking the letter from me; "Alice Graham is a school mate of mine. In fact," she added, "the best friend I had during the four years that I was away from home. On my return she came with me for a short visit, but went back to Madame Verney's school at Brighton, quite a week ago. She has no friends living in England—poor girl! I dare say she will be glad to get a letter. I will send it to her by the evening's post."

In a little while after I left, my mind made up to spare no efforts for the arrest of Jane the servant.

After procuring the warrant, I left the search for the servant in the hands of a brother officer, whilst I started for Brighton to see Miss Graham.

Once there, finding Madame Verney's seminary was easy.

On ringing the bell, the door was opened by a trim-looking servant-maid, who, on my stating my business, admitted me into a neatly furnished drawing room.

On the table were many handsomely bound volumes, doubtless gifts of bygone and grateful pupils, while the wall was adorned with numerous pictures of young ladies who had, I imagined, been at one time or another under Madam's care.

But the picture that most attracted my attention was a large and well executed photograph of Miss Amelia Jones. It was certainly a most life-like and speaking likeness of that young lady, even to the dress she appeared in when I parted with her in the ill-fated house of her late uncle.

There was one difference, however—the hair was brushed back off the forehead, instead of being cut in the fashionable "fringe," which, in Miss Jones' case, was so becoming.

On closely examining the picture, I was surprised to notice that a large scar extended across the forehead, disfiguring the somewhat striking looking face.

Whilst meditating on this, the door of the room opened, and Madame Verney, an elderly lady, with a very French manner and accent, but withal a kind and motherly look, entered.

She greeted me civilly, and requested to know how she could serve me.

I detailed to her the sad events of the last few hours, and explained to her my object in soliciting an interview with Miss Graham.

What was my surprise when Madame Verney informed me that Miss Graham was no longer with her; in fact, had not returned since she left to pay Miss Jones a visit. Indeed, that morning she had received a letter from Miss Graham, informing her that she had accepted a situation as governess in the family of a Colonel Andrews, and was to sail, without loss of time, from Liverpool to New York, in the Windsor Castle, of the White Star line.

"I am not so grieved as I should have been some few months back," said Madam, "as I dare say it is all for her good. Though a dear, good girl, she had, I fear, formed an attachment for a worthless scamp, Monsieur Marcon, who, I have lately heard, basely deserted a young wife, leaving her in Paris in the greatest destitution. That is Monsieur Marcon's photograph on the right of the mantelpiece."

I need not inform the reader that I took in every detail of the handsome, though evil-looking face.

"By the bye, madam," I said, "what a capital likeness you have of Miss Jones."

Madame Verney smilingly replied:

"That is not Miss Jones' picture; it is the photograph of Miss Graham. There is a most wonderful resemblance between the young ladies; and had not Amelia always worn her hair in a fringe, over her forehead, and Alice Graham, on the contrary, brushed hers smoothly back, I think sometimes myself I should have been puzzled to tell them apart."

Thanking Madame Verney for the information she had so kindly afforded me, I took my leave, and made my way to the nearest telegraph office, whence I despatched a telegram to the Liverpool police, asking them to ascertain if a Colonel Andrews and family were booked by the Windsor Castle to New York.

To this I received a negative answer.

I must confess the turn affairs were taking puzzled me.

I determined to again visit Queen's Square.

About nine o'clock I knocked at the door, and was admitted by Miss Jones.

I explained to her the object of my visit and she kindly volunteered to accompany me, and left me waiting in the dining-room while she went for a candle.

One of the first things my eye fell upon was a small note lying on the table. I suppose inquisitiveness is a part of my nature, for I glanced at the paper, and on it I saw written:—

"My darling, I will be round about ten this evening.

"Ever yours,

"E. M."

"Well, Miss Jones," I thought, "for such a very quiet looking young lady, you certainly have not been long in finding a lover, and, to judge by the tone of his note, in putting him on a tolerably friendly footing."

Miss Jones quickly returned with the candle; and I carrying the light, and she acting as my guide, we examined carefully all the rooms in the front of the house, but we could discover nothing.

I was preparing to enter the one room in the rear, we had not examined.

"You shall not enter that room; I will kill you first!" she hissed through her clenched teeth.

Hastily placing the dagger on the floor, I caught her wrists—not a moment too soon, for, as I seized her, a small but sharp dagger dropped from her grasp.

In the struggle her hair was blown off her forehead, and revealed to my startled gaze a deep scar running across it from one temple to the other.

"Miss Graham, by all that's wonderful!" I exclaimed, a fearful thought taking possession of my mind.

I quickly secured the girl with handcuffs, and, making a dash, burst open the door of the lumber room. In a corner, on the bare boards, lay huddled up, with only the light covering of a night dress, a figure that might have been the skeleton of the girl in the adjoining room.

"Who are you, my poor girl?" I inquired.

She replied, in an almost inaudible whisper, "Amelia Jones, the niece of Emanuel Jones, who has been cruelly murdered by Alice Graham and Marcon; I witnessed the act. They have tried to starve me to death."

I carried her to the nearest bed, and at once ran down the stairs for the purpose of procuring a surgeon and some restoratives, as well as a constable to take charge of my prisoner.

I had reached the dining-room door, and had just time to step back into that room, when I heard a latch-key fitted into the lock of the front door, and a gentleman, whom I had no difficulty in recognising as Monsieur Marcon, entered.

"Monsieur Marcon, I believe?" I said going up to him.

The words were no sooner out of my mouth than Marcon made a rush at me.

I thought of the small staff I always carried in my pocket. Quickly I drew it and struck my adversary with full force on the head, when, throwing up his arms he fell insensible on the floor.

I immediately ran to the front door to summon assistance. As I gained it, the clocks were just chiming the quarter past ten, and, rounding the corner of the square, I was delighted to see a section of the night-duty constables, perhaps a dozen in number, marching towards me.

Miss Jones was at once taken in a cab to the nearest hospital, while Miss Graham and Monsieur Marcon were accommodated with lodgings in Bow Street police-station.

Miss Jones quickly recovered under kind care and skillful treatment, and appeared as the principal witness against the two prisoners.

She had seen the pair engaged in murdering her uncle. Her shrieks and cries for help brought the servant, Jane Steward, to her side, but did not bring her assistance, for, after a hurried conversation with Marcon, in which the words "five hundred dollars" were constantly repeated, the servant turned away, and left her to her fate.

There could be no doubt of the intention of the prisoners to starve the poor girl to death, and, having disposed of uncle and niece, Alice Graham was to have passed herself off as Amelia Jones, marry Marcon, and then the two were to have possessed themselves of the ill-gotten gains.

At the trial, Marcon was sentenced to death, the sentence being duly carried into effect. Alice Graham never recovered her reason, but is at this moment in confinement as a criminal and a dangerous lunatic. Strenuous efforts were made to trace the servant, but nothing certain was heard of her.

It is impossible to make people understand their ignorance: for it requires knowledge to perceive it; and, therefore, he that can perceive it, hath it not.

"Pray, Brother A., what is the reputation of Mr. B. in your parish?" "Well, sir, all I can say is, that such is the estimation of Mr. B. among us, that when I read from the pulpit that passage in the Psalms, 'Mark the perfect man and behold the upright,' the eyes of the whole congregation are not turned to that part of the gallery where Mr. B. sits."

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SATURDAY EVENING, NOV. 30, 1878.

THANKSGIVING.

The celebration of Thanksgiving day is closely interwoven with many of the associations which are sacredly enshrined in the corner-stone of our national existence, and as its celebration comes with each passing year, it helps to strengthen that kindred spirit which does so much towards bringing the sympathies and interests of the people together with one responsive expression. Instituted by the Pilgrims during their trying days of harsh experience, it has been perpetuated through all the many eventful changes of the long lapse of years since its first celebration, but unlike the present time, it formerly had no particular time of celebration, nor was it generally observed, but was inspired by any prominent local cause for thanksgiving, until 1690, when Massachusetts made it an annual custom, and afterwards, the Revolutionary war gave it a national existence. From that period it was celebrated at different times in connection with certain national events, and also became one of the most prominent New England holidays, and was occasionally observed locally in other States. During the past few years, it has become an annual national holiday, and its observance is regarded everywhere with more or less degree of importance. Its New England celebration is especially marked by those features which have made it a day of "family gatherings," by which it becomes one of the most charming festivals of the year, for it brings around one board the young and old of a family who may at other times be separated by distant homes, and links together again the chain which forms the family circle, so often severed as youth grows to manhood. Although life does not bring to all a generous fruitage of its harvest, still each year brings us face to face with some cause for general thanksgiving. The desolation and sad affliction, brought by sickness and death to so many happy homes, the trying ordeal and gloomy days of financial troubles which have found some victim everywhere, now call for a warm responsive feeling of thanks that these dark clouds are passing away, and revealing the light of brighter days.

It is a common custom with men to keep their wives in ignorance of their situation in business, and in fact she knows less of her husband's affairs than the public, and is ignorant whether the husband's fortune is counted by thousands or hundreds. It is often from this ignorance that a wife plunges into the errors of extravagance, and thence into a vortex of evil. She spends, as a matter of course, what he gives her, with the full confidence that when it is gone she will receive more. An unmarried woman, who works, can boldly demand her wages, but a wife can demand nothing but her bare necessities. In yielding to these demands generous men are often too indulgent, from fear of betraying the true state of affairs, or in the reverse case will scarcely give even the amount requisite for her necessary requirements, and the wife from ignorance of the cause, often construes this into meanness, and will be tempted by a spirit of retaliation, to spend double the amount she has to spend. This is all wrong. Husband and wife should have mutual interests, and every wife should know the true state of her husband's affairs, and understand his plans, and aid him by counsel and sympathy, and under such circumstances, many of the terrible domestic tragedies would be averted. There are many wives who have plunged their husbands deeper and deeper in debt from sheer ignorance of his means, who would gladly have been the first to retrench and aid him by true womanly sympathy to repair his fallen fortunes. There are just as many who would meet the enforced economy and its manifold sacrifices of pleasure and the many things attractive to women, with smiles instead of tears, and color the dull path of poverty and economy with sunshine instead of clouds if the husband would combine his rules of economy with pleasant confiding explanations.

SANCTUM CHAT.

It required two years of careful search for the successor of the late Grand Lama of Thibet to be discovered and crowned. The choice fell upon a child, who becomes the ruler of some 400,000,000 of people. It was believed that the soul of the departed Lama entered into the body of a child, and the delay was caused by the difficulty of discovering the genuine one.

In spite of the civilizing influence which is supposed to follow the explorer's footsteps, the effect of their impression is soon erased unless the savage instincts and customs are held in check by some permanent presence which has not been the case with the King of Dahomey, who has revived the custom of human sacrifice by the recent slaughter of five hundred persons.

One of the follies of the present fashions has recently been severely criticized in a case of pocket-picking, during the trial of which the judge severely admonished English women on placing purses or any other property in the absurdly exposed pockets, which, in accordance with fashion's rules are fitted into the backs of ladies dresses, placing temptation so openly within the reach of those only too ready to yield to its influence.

"Greenland's Icy Mountains" have been long commemorated in the words of a familiar hymn, but recently a party of tourists have brought them more as a reality to our minds by making an ascent of one of the highest mountains. The height was estimated at about 5,000 feet above the sea level, and as far as the eye could reach ice sheets and glaciers were seen, and not the smallest speck of land free from ice.

The individual and mutual rights of husband and wife are regarded by different nations with curious differences. In Russia a husband may appear as a witness in a lawsuit against his wife, but a wife is not heard against her husband. A man may oblige his wife to work for him, but a wife cannot even sue her husband for the necessaries of life, and she has no redress against him if he deserts her.

People who like to tell anecdotes of the sagacity of their favorite cats, dogs and horses, or other domestic animals, which have evinced a marked intelligence, should write little sketches embodying the circumstances illustrating their sagacity, and send them to G. J. Romanes, at 18 Cornhill Terrace, Regent's Park, London, who is investigating the nature and extent of animal intelligence, and would be glad to receive stories of curious things that animals have done, to guide him in his work.

A study of the coins and current money of different nations shows some curious coincident facts, among which are the peculiarities of the Chinese, who use round coins which have a square hole in the centre, and are made to be strung; although of various shapes—some being oblong, or shovel like, or razor shaped—the longest are six inches, with a width of two or three inches. In the same way, the aborigines of North America strung their wampum, which formed their current money.

Among the Brahmins and high caste Hindoos the children are not allowed to take food with their parents until they are seven years of age, when at that time a rite is performed which admits the child into Brahmin communion, and they take the vows of sanctity and self denial. What a contrast to our custom which places the child at the table almost in its infancy! But it shows a curious parallel in the rites of communion of all religions which enables one to participate in that holy feast after taking upon oneself its accompanying vows which are of the same character as the above.

An educational question has recently arisen as to whether French or German can be taught to pupils by teachers of the same nationality. It is urged by many that the correct accent and phraseology can only be imparted by those whose nationality is of the language they teach. It is generally conceded that foreigners possess this faculty independent of nationality, acquiring a knowledge of languages with great ease and correctness of accent. So the difficulty is in the fact that Americans do not possess it to the degree which makes them successful teachers of other languages.

It is said that the wife of Charles Dickens and her sister are reconciled, and both unite in compiling a memoir of his life. The painful domestic difference which existed between Dickens and his wife is now said to have grown out of her frequent criticisms, and what he thought was intermeddling with his exclusive creations. So he insisted upon her living in a separate portion of their residence, but she took up her abode with her friends. These domestic clouds, which are sometimes associated with prominent men's lives are doubly painful when they live after them, and it gives general gratification to have them cleared away.

One of the latest triumphs in horse surgery is the successful treatment of a broken leg. The practice up to the present time has been to regard a broken-limbed horse as ruined, and the only recourse was to kill it, but a recent case has proved the success of surgical treatment by which the broken limb was restored to its normal condition of strength, an experiment which no doubt will be followed by others with equal success, and the unfortunate results which used to follow such accidents to valuable horseflesh will no longer be a necessity. The treatment is the same as that applied to broken limbs of humanity. The horse is slung up in a blanket and the bones placed in position, the limb bandaged and set in plaster, and in six weeks the beneficial results are established.

The reproduction of living creatures by photography or painting is forbidden by the Koran, but the Shah of Persia's European travels seem to have shaken his allegiance to some of the decrees of his country's religion. He has made many presents of his portraits to a number of the distinguished personages whom he has met in England and on the continent. And he has begun to combat the prejudices of his country at home on the subject, by exhibiting his likeness in public places and distributing medals bearing his bust. It is rather a curious coincidence that foreign travel and intercourse of the Eastern people with Europeans, has in all instances tended to introduce the progressive spirit of improving innovation, and many of the strange characteristics and customs of the Oriental religion and people are coming to be more honored in the breach than the observance.

Pleasant evenings at home are the strongest antidotes to that unfortunate evil of looking for enjoyment abroad, and frequently finding it in forbidden places. There is nothing which so quickly severs the links which should bind a family together as this wandering outside for the pleasures which should be found at home, for relaxation and recreation are needed by all people, young and old, and happy are those who find it in the home-circle instead of being forced to seek their diversion outside, when it so often becomes mixed with those evils which exert a pernicious influence forever. So much can be done to make home pleasant in the long winter evenings, every one should contribute something from the list of amusements, in which reading aloud, music, games, find some place of interest, and while amusing all, help to develop the various talents of the family.

The Chinese have a secret association in San Francisco called the "Chinese Six Companies," and their rules preclude any Chinaman from opening a wash-house within a certain distance of one already established. A recent refractory member was ordered to close his newly-opened shop, but refused, and he was then ordered to move and pay his fine of $20, but still disobeyed. After being missed for some time his friends found him chained in a cellar where he had been left to starve. His release was followed by another disappearance, and the supposition is that the secret tribunal ordered his death. The new Chinese Consul-General, recently ordered to California to watch over the interests of his countrymen, has already taken steps toward abolishing this association which has ruled for years the Chinese in San Francisco. The new consul is said to possess great wealth as well as the highest integrity and ability.

Some curious facts have been elicited by recent researches on the variations of the volume of brains in relation to intelligence. Intelligence is in proportion to the volume of the brain, and the superior races present a greater number of voluminous crania than the other degrees of civilization having the same size. The difference among individuals is considerable, but height does not exercise much influence, although with equal height woman has a brain less heavy than man. It is also said that among the superior races the brain of women is generally less than among the inferior races; which is attributed to the insignificant part taken by women in the work of modern society. This, however, does not prove their intellectual inferiority, but is explained by the fact that savage women experience the necessity of taking part in the struggles for existence under the same conditions as men. There is also a constant inequality of development in the two parts or halves of the brain, which is sometimes greater on the right and sometimes on the left, independent of the influence of race or state of intelligence.

Funerals in 1776.—Funerals touched weddings at the point of feasting in those days, and were often very expensive, showy and pompous occasions. In some parts of the country, especially around and in New York, it was the custom for a young man to lay by his earnings after coming of age, until a sufficient sum had accumulated to provide for him a "respectable" funeral when he should come to die. Oftentimes he would reserve half of the portion of wine which he had liberally laid in for his marriage, to be used at the funeral of himself or his wife. Special invitations were sent out for funerals as for parties. The clergymen, pallbearers and physicians attending were provided with scarfs and gloves and sometimes each with a mourning ring, while the feast which followed the interment at the house of the relatives of the deceased, elaborate with cold roast meats, wines, liquors and pipes, was not unfrequently an occasion of coarse excesses, sometimes descending into hilarious and noisy demonstrations. A "respectable" funeral of this description might cost perhaps $1,000, and sometimes as high as $20000.

"The Good Old Times."—In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries elegance had scarcely any existence, and even cleanliness was hardly considered as laudable. The use of linen was not known; and the most delicate of the fair sex wore woollen undergarments. In Paris they had meat only three times a week; and about $25 was a large portion for a young lady. The better sort of citizens used splinters of wood and rags dipped in oil, instead of candles, which, in those days, were a rarity hardly to be met with. Wine was only to be had at the shops of the apothecaries, where it was sold as a cordial; and to ride in a two-wheeled cart, along the dirty, rugged streets, was reckoned a grandeur of so enviable a nature, that Philip the Fair prohibited the wives of citizens from enjoying it.

STRANGE COMPLIMENTS.

When Dr. Parr, charmed by the great lawyer Erskine's tongue, declared he intended to write his epitaph, the great lawyer paid the vain scholar in his own coin by pronouncing the promise a temptation to commit suicide. Nothing came of this odd expression of mutual admiration, as happened in the case of a similar interchange of civilities between Nelson and Benjamin West, the painter. Just before the famous Admiral left England for the last time, West sat next him, at a dinner in his honor. Conversing with a gentleman who sat on his other side, Nelson lamented his want of taste for art, but said there was one picture the power of which he felt, never passing a print-shop where the Death of Wolfe was exhibited without being stopped by it; and turning to the gratified hearer on his other hand, he asked why he had painted no more pictures like it. "Because, my lord," replied the artist, "there are no more subjects. But I fear your intrepidity will yet furnish me with such another scene; and if it should, I shall certainly avail myself of it." "Will you, Mr. West!" cried Nelson. "Then I hope I shall die in the next battle!" Trafalgar realized the hero's hope, and West redeemed his promise by painting the Death of Nelson.

The great French preacher, Onorato, must have been exceedingly vain or exceedingly indifferent if he did not inwardly exult at hearing that Bourdaloue, upon being asked what he thought of the Father's preaching, replied: "He tickles the ears indeed, but he pricks the heart; people return at his sermons the purses they have stolen at mine." And Sir Walter Scott was no doubt delighted when the Italian writer Manzoni acknowledged his congratulations with: "My book is yours, for I owe it to the deep study I made of your works;" but he gave the Italian a Roland for his Oliver by replying: "Then *Il Promessi Sposi* (the greatest work of Manzoni) is my best novel." Scott, however, was not a whit more sincere than the gallant country mayor who, handing a handsome matron down to dinner, was rather taken aback by her observing: "I don't know, Mr. Mayor, whether you are afraid of the measles, but my little ones have them, and I myself have had a slight attack." But, equal to the occasion, he replied: "Madam, I should be only too delighted to take anything from so charming a source."

Talking over Garrick's retirement, Dr. Beattie said he was so excited the first time he witnessed that actor's performance of Macbeth that he nearly fell over into the pit from the front of the gallery, and wished he could have another opportunity of risking his neck and nerves in the same cause, since to fall by the hands of Shakspeare and Garrick would ennoble his memory to all generations; supplementing this compliment to his dramatic idol with expressing his belief that if all actors resembled Garrick, it would be impossible for a person of any sensibility to outlive the representation of Hamlet, King Lear, or Macbeth.

Hogg, the Ettrick Shepherd, took a neat way of telling a lady she was no ordinary specimen of the sex. "Ye're a nice lassie, Miss Drysdale," said he. "Nearly all girls are like a bundle of pens cut by the same machine; but ye're not of the bundle."

Not contented with giving verbal demonstration of his admiration was the Shah of Persia, who, when an English lady of high degree pronounced his diamonds to be "so lovely," slapped her ladyship's fair shoulders, saying: "Not so lovely as what we have here!" The Shah, however, might with advantage take a lesson in the art of complimenting from the Sultan of Zanzibar, who likened Queen Victoria to the mountain of loadstone which drew the nails out of the sides of passing ships, for even so did the hearts of Englishmen seem to be drawn on by a magnet to Her Majesty. Or he might learn something from that Siamese ambassador who wrote: "One cannot fail to be struck with the aspect of the august Queen of England, or fail to observe that she must be of pure descent from a race of goodly and warlike kings and rulers of the earth, in that her eyes, complexion, and above all her bearing, are those of a beautiful and majestic white elephant."

At his first meeting with Mrs. Somerville, the French astronomer La Place told her the world held only three women who understood him—namely, Caroline Herschel, herself, and a Mrs. Greig, of whom he had never been able to learn anything. "I was Mrs. Greig," was the quiet response. "So then there are only two of you!" exclaimed the philosopher. It was a naive compliment, but not one to stir the recipient's pulses; for, after all, the most pronounced blue-stocking would probably prefer exciting male admiration by physical rather than mental charms.

Does not Mrs. Thrale say emphatically: "That a woman will pardon an affront to her understanding much sooner than one to her person, is well known, and none of us will contradict the assertion."

Had Lalande known as much, he would not, on finding himself placed between Madame Recamier and Madame de Staël, have discharged the double-barrelled compliment: "How happy am I to be thus placed between Beauty and Wit;" drawing upon him De Staël's retort: "Yes, and without possessing either!"

Fishers for compliments are apt to make strange catches. A curate complaining to Dr. South that he had only been paid five pounds for preaching at Oxford, the Doctor rubbed the sore by declaring that he would not have preached such a sermon for fifty pounds.

Julius Beer playing to Rossini a funeral-march he had composed in honor of his uncle Meyerbeer, was delighted by the master listening attentively and applauding when the performance came to the end; but his delight was somewhat damped at hearing his judge's "Very good, very good indeed; but it would have been better if it had been you who were dead, and the funeral-march had been your uncle's."

"Will you please to insert this obituary notice?" wrote a country editor's correspondent. "I make bold to ask it, because I know the deceased had a great many friends who would be glad to hear of his death."

Just as innocently did the negro propose "De Gubernor of our State! He come in wid much opposition; he go out wid none at all." And the king of Portugal greeting the animal-painter Landseer with: "Ah, Sir Edwin, I am glad you have come; I am so fond of beasts!"

There was more mischief in the *double-entendre* of the French dame who, upon a newly married friend exhibiting a monkey her husband had bought for her, exclaimed: "Dear little man, it's so like him!" And there was no misunderstanding Macready's reply to the actor's "I had the honor of playing Iago to your Othello twelve months ago; don't you remember me, sir?" "Remember you, sir! I shall never forget you!"

Lord Palmerston once wrote to a friend: "Our new little gardener who has now been with us a year and a half, is a clever intelligent fellow; and when we have taught him the management of fruits and flowers and how to plant trees, he will, I doubt not, prove an excellent gardener." A comical encomium truly; and as much to the purpose as the Scotch drover's patronizing recognition of a certain clergyman: "Ye dinna ken me, but I ken you. I'm whiles in your parish. There's no a better liked man anywhere; yer own folk jist adore ye. Who cares aboot preachin'?"

An editor travelling by steamer repaired to the ship's barber for a clean shave. Upon offering the darkey payment, the dime was rejected with: "We nebber charge editors nuffin." The astonished man remonstrated, arguing that there were a good many editors travelling just then, and such liberality would prove ruinous to the razor wielder. "Oh, nebber mind dat," said the barber. "We make it up off the gemmen."

When a lady giving evidence in a Kansas court refused to answer a question on the plea it was not fit to tell decent people, her questioner blandly said: "Well then, step up and whisper it to the judge."

Lastly, a published report of an Irish benevolent society had a paragraph running thus: "Notwithstanding the large amount paid for medicine and medical attendance, very few deaths occurred during the year."

Concerning Shoes.

Shoes as articles of apparel are, undoubtedly, of great antiquity, and have in all times been worn in some form or other by the people of civilized countries. The practice of shoe and sandal wearing can be traced back for some thousands of years, and is probably of Eastern origin. Thus we find frequent mention of the shoe in the Bible, from the book of Exodus to the Acts.

Among the ancient Hebrews shoes were made of leather, rush, or wool, those of the soldiers being sometimes of brass or iron, tied with thongs passed under the feet. The ancient Greeks wore various kinds of shoes, the women of distinction wearing sandals, and the Lacedæmonians wearing red shoes. Shoes among the Greeks were made so high as to reach generally to the middle of the leg, and were often of gold and silk and other precious stuffs. The Egyptians made their shoes of papyrus or palm-leaves.

Coming to the time of the Romans, we find shoe-making assuming something of the nature of art. The Romans wore two kinds of shoes, the calceus covering the whole foot, not unlike our modern fashion, and the sandal or slipper covering only the sole of the foot. These were often sumptuously ornamented, Caligula having his enriched with precious stones, Nero his shod with silver, and his empress Poppæa, hers with gold. Indeed, the Romans seem altogether to have been liberal patrons of the followers of St. Crispin, for the streets of the imperial city, in the time of Domitian, were so blocked up with cobblers' stalls that he caused them to be removed.

In England, the fashion of wearing shoes can be traced back to the earliest times. The shoes worn by the Belgic Britons were made of raw cowhide that had the hair turned outwards, and coming up to the ankles. A great beau of the time of William Rufus, called Robert the Horned, wore shoes with long sharp points, stuffed with tow, and twisted in a spiral form. This fashion took the fancy of the people of that day immensely, and the points went on increasing yearly to the reign of Richard the Second, when they had to be tied to the knees of the wearer to save him from being encumbered in walking. This tying, or fastening, in the case of gentlemen was by chains of silver, or silver gilt. In Chaucer's time, the upper part of these shoes was cut to imitate a church window. The rank of the wearer in those days was known by the length of his shoes. By an Act of the reign of Edward the Fourth, the absurd length to which these points had attained was limited; and no one under the rank of a lord was to wear shoes more than ten inches long, and all cobblers making them were to be fined and cursed by the clergy.

Shoes, more or less ornamental, appear to have continued in vogue among Englishmen down to a very late period. Our present style of shoe was introduced in 1633, but buckles were not used till 1670. High heels were fashionable in the reigns of Charles the Second, James the Second, and William and Mary. The man of fashion in 1720 wore his shoes square at the toes, with diminutive diamond buckles a monstrous flap on the instep, and high heels.

The customs connected with shoes are as many in number as they are various in kind. We first take those mentioned in Scripture, and of those again the first which occurs to one's mind is in connection with the command of Moses at the burning bush to remove his shoes, because the ground upon which he stood was holy—a command which Joshua also received when he was told how to conduct the siege of Jericho. This custom has prevailed in the East from the earliest times, as this proves, and continues to this day.

The well-known custom at the Burmese and Siamese courts of approaching the emperor without shoes is of very ancient standing.

The emperor of the Abyssinians used the casting of a shoe as a sign of dominion. The same sense would not seem to be conveyed in the Psalmist's words, "Over Edom have I cast out my shoe," implying the abandonment of Edom by God. We find that Ezekiel, when commanded to abstain from mourning, was told to put his shoes upon his feet, and from this it is evident that the Jewish custom in those days was to mourn without shoes.

The worship of shoes may seem a strange custom according to our notions, but it takes place in China to this day. Among the practices which Chinese women resort to to secure the blessing of children, is one of obtaining a shoe from the temple of the Goddess of Children which has been worn by her. This is taken home, and, being placed beside the image or tablet of the goddess, receives equal worship, and, should the desired object be attained, a pair of shoes exactly resembling the one obtained must be returned to the temple.

Shoes have always borne an important part in the ceremonies connected with betrothal and marriage. A Chinese bridegroom, in the case of a betrothal put an end to by the death of the intended bride, goes to the house of mourning, asking for the last pair of shoes his betrothed wore before death. He takes those home, and for two years burns incense to them, believing that her spirit will be present, enticed thither by the pair of shoes, and acknowledging her in thus doing as his (intended) wife. An old French author refers to a custom at betrothals in his days, when he says the bridegroom, having given a ring to his betrothed, presents her with a shoe.

One of the best-known customs connected with shoes is that of throwing them after a wedding-party on their way from church or elsewhere as a preventive of future unhappiness, and an omen of good luck and prosperity. A custom not very dissimilar used to prevail among the noble Germans in the past. The bride on being conducted to the bride-chamber used to take off her shoe, and throw it among those who were near, everyone striving to catch it, and the successful one accepting it as an omen of his or her early and happy marriage.

Shoes are connected with the ceremony of marriage in other ways than those we have mentioned. It is customary at a marriage in South China for the bride to present her husband with a pair of shoes, by way of signifying that for the future she places herself under his control. These are carefully preserved in the family, and are never given away like other worn-out articles, it being deemed that to part with them portends an early separation between husband and wife.

Swedish brides have a custom of letting a shoe slip, or a handkerchief fall, in the hope that the bridegroom will from politeness stoop to pick it up. If he does it will be his lot to submit—i. e. bend his back—throughout his married life. In Denmark it is still a common saying, that a lady who rules her husband "has him under the slipper."

Orthodox elder sisters, should they be unmarried, ought to dance at a younger sister's wedding without shoes, to counteract their ill-luck and procure them husbands.

At Oakham, in Rutland, Eng., the custom exists of compelling every peer of parliament, the first time he passes through the town, to give a horseshoe to be nailed upon the castle-gate; and if he refuses, the bailiff of the manor has power to arrest him in his progress, and take one from his horse's foot. Of the existing shoes nailed on the walls of the castle, those of Queen Elizabeth and George the Fourth are the most conspicuous.

In former days the traveling horse-shoer was known by a broad canvas belt worn across his breast, and ornamented with yellow horse-shoes on a bright blue ground; and the horse-doctor's identity was fixed by his wearing a little iron shoe fastened in front of his hat.

English Gypsies.

There are a number of permanent gypsy encampments throughout England, which are called gypsyries. One of the most famous is near London. It is about a quarter of a mile from the Thames, and is spread over a piece of open ground two acres or so in extent. It is nearly deserted in summer and autumn; the gypsies at those seasons migrating to races, fairs, sea-side resorts, and other places where a little money can be made by donkey-riding, fortune-telling, and "three throws a penny," or else hop picking in Kent. As winter comes on, the dark-visaged tribe return to the gypsyry, and take up their abode in tents and caravans—chiefly the former. The men chiefly employ themselves during the day in "chinning the cost," that is, making skewers for butchers' use; also in making clothes' pegs, in basket-making, and tinkering old kettles and saucepans. The women stroll about various parts of the metropolis and the suburbs, telling fortunes to silly servant-girls, and other silly people who are not servants, and occasionally perpetrating little cheateries which, if found out, call for the interrention of the police magistrate. The children play about and beg half-pence from passers-by.

The tents are oblong and simple. Rods are stuck in the ground, and bent over to form a sort of wagon-shaped roof, tied together by strings, and covered with coarse brown cloths pinned or skewered together, and pegged to the ground. A narrow trench is cut around to prevent rain water from flowing into the tent. The tent differs little from an Indian wigwam, except in being covered with a cloth instead of bark. Sitting cross-legged is the order of the day, there being neither chairs nor stools; and as tables are as scarce as chairs, the meals are spread on the ground, perhaps with a cloth for a little approach to tidiness. Pots, pans, platters and trenchers are pretty abundant; knives and horn spoons are used, but seldom a fork. A kind of brazier forms the fireplace, with a crook and a kettle for cooking. A pail and a water-cask, a box or two for clothes, and blankets to serve as bedding and bed-clothes, nearly fill up the list of goods and chattels.

The caravans, or wagon-houses, are on four wheels, drawn each by one horse or two donkeys. The general dimensions may be taken at about twelve feet by six, and six feet high above the floor or platform. There are two sleeping berths at the farther end, one above the other as on shipboard, with a curtain running on rod-rings as a screen. A small glazed window on each side admits daylight. A stove is placed just within the door, the smoke from which is carried off by a metal chimney or top through the roof of the domicile. Some of these caravans manifest a slight attempt at smartness in the interior; but for the most part they are dirty and squalid.

In a sketch of the average daily life of the tribe in this gypsyry, we are told that the people take two meals a day; a breakfast of tea, bread, butter, and cheese; and a supper of tea, with some kind of stew. A mid-day meal is a more uncertain and outdoor affair. On some occasions, for lack of better, a tea or soup is made from the tender leaves of a kind of nettle—called in their lingo by the sonorous name of "broth from the stinging things."

These gypsies are of various tribes, of sub-tribes, of which three are called in their own language Purruna, Chunomescroes, and Vardomescroes; Lee, Boswell, and Cooper, well-known surnames, are the English equivalents for these oddly-sounding tribal names. The men are well-made and active, somewhat below the middle height, with dark complexions, bright eyes, and garments not remarkable for soundness or cleanliness. The women are wild-looking, often handsome, and have expressive eyes—expressive of mischief not unfrequently.

Besides the true gypsies, the encampment affords a home for other vagrant people. Some are the descendants of rogues and outcasts who roamed about England even before the gypsies were known in the land; in many cases ferocious, depraved, and repulsive, with coarse vulgar features, and complexions (when visible under a layer of dirt and grease) of a Saxon and not a southern hue. They talk frowsy English, cant or slang, and a little Romany, or gypsy. Their tents and caravans are worse than those of the gypsies, and much dirtier. The men employ themselves in tinkering and small rough metal-work, rather than in the wood-work of the gypsies; while the women tramp about, sell trifles which the men have made, and engage in petty transactions of doubtful honesty. The real gypsies hold these people in contempt, calling them chorodees, or chorodies—"poor, miserable creatures."

Another group of temporary dwellers at this singular spot are the house on-wheels people, the itinerant shopkeepers whose shop consists of a caravan almost concealed on the exterior by an array of rush-chairs, mats, rugs, mops, brushes, brooms, baskets, pots, pans, kettles, and other household utensils. The group is a little better than the one just noticed, but coarse and low. The real gypsies call them koramengre—"fellows who cry out"—in allusion to their shouting or announcing the wares they have to sell. The opinion now widely held by an majority of learned investigators, is that the gypsies generally were originally the Jats of the Indus Valley—a tribe which to this day stands out apart from the Hindoos near them in striking peculiarities; not the least of which is the absence of all religion: Buddha, Brahma, and Mahomet being alike ignored by them. Another point is that the Jats, like the gypsies, are addicted to fortune-telling, trickeries, and horse-dealing. The Jats were so sorely oppressed by the Moslem conquerors of India, that a horde of them is supposed to have migrated westward somewhere about 1,000 A. D. They passed through Beloochistan and Persia into Asia Minor, and in later centuries wended their way into Europe, grouped into comparatively small communities at a time.

The Earl of Bridgewater lived in Paris during the last century. He was a miserable-looking little man, unable to walk without the support of two lackeys. His carriage was frequently to be seen filled with dogs, his special pets. On the feet of these dogs he bestowed as much attention as though they were human beings. He ordered them boots, for which he paid as dearly as for his own. Not caring to entertain his own kind at his table, few people dined with him. Still, covers were daily laid for a dozen served by suitable attendants. At this table he received and dined with no less than twelve favorite dogs, who seemed to comprehend the compliment paid them, as they occupied their chairs with decorum, with its white napkin tied round its They were so trained that should any, Instinct of appetite, transgress any rule good manners, he was banished from the table, and degraded to an ante-chamber, where he picked his bone in mortification, his plate remaining empty until he had earned his master's pardon.

THE AUTUMN OF LIFE.

BY S. F. S.

Oh, yearning heart, be quiet now,
What would'st thou of this passing life?
Full fifty years have come and gone,
With all their anxious, ardent strife.
Why then such eager restlessness,
As if life's hill were yet to climb?
Better calmly pause awhile,
And think upon the flight of time;
Review the past with grateful glance,
And smother every useless sigh,
For all the joys and all the hopes
That grew and blossomed but to die.
'Tis Autumn now, and I must strive
To lay up fruits 'ere Winter come,
And seek no more for Summer flowers
Upon the path that leads me home.
Soon shall I feel the icy blast,
My Winter may be long and hard:
Yet if I keep in duty's path,
'Tis Heaven I'll gain as life's reward.

TIME AND ETERNITY.

"The world is wide and life is long,"
Youth sang and look'd before him,
As on the chariot of Time,
In rapid circles bore him.

"The world is narrow, time is short,"
Cried manhood, grieving sorely,
As on the topmost rung of life
He read its little story.

Age pointed upwards—"In my home
Hope's blossoms perish never;
Earth lasts but for a passing day,
Eternity forever."

POMEROY ABBEY.

BY MRS. HENRY WOOD.

AUTHOR OF "EAST LYNNE," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XI.

FOLLY.

In the state dining-room below, never used but on occasions of extremely ceremonious or large dinners, sat the Lord and the Lady of Pomeroy, entertaining their guests. A fine sight: a goodly company. The dishes of silver-gilt, bearing their costly viands, crowded the board. The dinner a-la-Russe fashion had not come in then; and the more prodigal the feast displayed on the table, the greater honor was accounted to be rendered to the guests.

The wax-lighted chandeliers hung from the ceiling; the sideboard shone with its array of glass and plate. Numerous servants in their liveries of purple velvet and silver, waited about, headed by Jerome in plain attire, who stood behind his lord, and never served anybody but him. At the left hand of Mrs. Pomeroy sat Father Andrew; towards the middle of the table sat Mrs. Wylde. The priest was all merry good nature; it did one good to look at his ruby-red face, he could hardly control it to solemnity while he said grace; Mrs. Wylde was gorgeous as dress could make her, but otherwise not much to be noticed: and as these two are all we know among the guests, the others need not be mentioned.

It was a grand old room; and was supposed to have been the chapel in by-gone days, before the other chapel was built. The mahogany panelings were in small divisions, and richly carved, each one having been formerly a monk's stall. Three high windows of painted glass, representing scenes in the times of the crusaders, looked towards the quadrangle. They gave the only light the room had, consequently it was dark by day: but emblazoned, as now, with its many wax lights, that fault could not at present be charged upon it. On these state occasions the painted windows were lighted up by means of lamps placed behind them outside; and they formed not the least of the room's attractions, particularly for those who had the luck to sit on the side facing them, and so could look at them at will during the whole time of the banquet.

Who so gay as Mrs. Pomeroy, heading her table in her white robes of silk and lace, her favorite attire; who so calm, so equable, so courteous as her lord, facing her at the end of the long table? Of all the toilettes present, not one was more beautiful than hers; of all the faces, not one was so lovely. Upon her white neck, her arms, nestling amid her hair, glittered the diamonds handed to her by Guy on their wedding day; upon her cheeks shone the damask flush of excitement. This set of diamonds, and they were of rare beauty, belonged to the reigning Lady of Pomeroy, and to her alone; did she cease to reign, they went from her. If Guy died to-morrow, and Rupert succeeded, Mrs. Pomeroy could no longer wear or claim the diamonds. Had her child been a boy, she would have reigned Lady of Pomeroy until that boy should in his turn bring a wife home to replace her, and could have worn the Pomeroy diamonds until then.

Dear, most dear, was this show and state to Mrs. Pomeroy. Her heart was conscious of that. It was also conscious, for a little latent voice kept rising within it to that effect, that if she quitted the abbey, this show and state would, for her, be for ever over: it was only as the Lord of Pomeroy's wife that she could enjoy it. The homage rendered to her was but rendered in right of Guy: separate herself from him and she might sink back to the obscurity from which she came; obscurity compared with the position she revelled in now. Mrs. Wylde was rich, but her riches would not gather about her an assemblage such as this: the guests of rank, second only to princes; or the plate emblazoned with the Lord of Pomeroy's arms, come down from generation to generation, or the time-worn, sumptuously clad retainers, who looked as if they could never belong to any but an ancient family. Yes; Alice Pomeroy had been raised to this height, and she would certainly think twice before she wilfully forfeited it.

Ever and anon as she sat there, came a thought into her mind, "I should not like to leave it; I must do nothing rashly." Until this evening, which was the day of the guests' arrival, and the evening following the scene with Guy, she had been keeping up the roll of indignation with her own heart; had been feeding her enmity to her husband, had been saying to herself, "I will not stay with him." But now, with all this glitter and glamour before her, she did not feel so sure about it. Not a single word had they spoken to one another since the unseemly recrimination; she in her resentment would not speak; Guy deemed it best to humor her mood and allow her a little time to come to her senses. Amidst the guests were some who had never seen her; and Guy had performed the introduction with the most perfect suavity, "My wife, the Lady of Pomeroy." For all anybody had seen, they were upon the pleasant terms that man and wife should be; she was lively, laughing, gay; he, courteous and attentive to all to the last degree.

The lord had begun by entertaining his guests right regally, as a Pomeroy loved to do. Excursions abroad, evening festivities at home, occasionally varied with men's out-of-door sports. The grandest fete of all would be that of the christening: for which Miss Pomeroy, who was to be one of the godmothers, would arrive. And so, we leave them at the dinner-table.

The next morning the gentlemen went out shooting, Guy giving orders for luncheon to be sent to them. Some of the ladies proposed a drive to Owlstone, and carriages were ordered round. Towards mid-day, Alice, making her baby an excuse for absenting herself from the rest of her guests, left her mother to entertain them, put on her bonnet, and walked out.

Yes, she walked out deliberately, knowing that she ran the hazard of meeting Rupert Pomeroy: though indeed he might already have left Abbeyland. Winding round to the south of the abbey, her beautiful morning dress of a delicate lilac color trailing on the hot grass, she came upon Rupert. He was standing by the Keep, just in the same spot where they had met two days before.

"Taking a walk, Mrs. Pomeroy? You are lucky to get time for it, with that house full of people."

"Most of them are out," she answered, "and mamma is there. Oh, Rupert! I—I must tell you! We had such a dreadful scene."

"Who had? When?"

"I and Guy. After you left."

And then, most imprudently and inexcusably, Mrs. Pomeroy began to give Rupert the history of what had passed between herself and Guy. And Rupert, far from repressing, met her half way, for had he not grievances on his own score to settle with Guy, and abused him to her heart's content. Thus, in close conversation, now one speaking, and now the other and pacing slowly round the Keep, they, chancing to lift their heads, saw a company of sportsmen at a great distance.

"Oh, Rupert, Guy is with them!" she suddenly exclaimed, "and they are coming this way! It will make him more angry than ever to see me talking with you."

Without a word, Rupert touched one of her hands and drew her to a small low door in the wall at the back of the Keep; it flew open and admitted them inside.

"You are safe here until they have passed," he whispered.

"But how did you get the door open?" she asked in wonder. "I always understood that little door could not be opened from the outside."

"Neither can it be, except by me and the lord. Yes, Jerome knows the secret; I forgot him. There is an invisible spring."

Mrs. Pomeroy held her breath and trembled; conscience and fear were making a coward of her. And rightly—she had no business to conceal herself.

She and Rupert stood, straining their ears to listen for the voices and footsteps of the sportsmen, but the walls were thick, for the door had admitted them to a room inside the Keep, not to any court or yard without it. "They must have passed by this time," said Rupert, at length; "I will go up and see."

Ascending the narrow stairs he made his way to the front of the building, and peeped out at one of the quaint loopholes of windows. Yes; the sportsmen had come that way. "They are right down in the dell now, half way to the abbey," he said returning. "All is safe."

"Oh, thank goodness! Open the door for me."

Rupert undid the door and they passed outside together; he closing it again after him.

"We cannot part for good like this, Alice, with your tale half told," he said. Meet me here to-morrow and finish it; I may be far away the next day."

"Oh, Rupert, I am afraid. If I thought it would not be wrong to come!"

"Where would the wrong lie?"

"After all, Guy is your brother."

"He is, and you are his wife. I am not likely to forget it."

"Of course, you would not forget it: neither do I. Then I will come, Rupert."

"Why, where have you been?" cried Mrs. Wylde, chancing to meet Alice in the corridor as she stole in.

"My head ached, mamma; I went out for a little stroll," briefly responded Alice, making the best of her way onwards.

"Oh, and Alice, the gentlemen have come back to luncheon," Mrs. Wylde called out after her. "The birds were shy and they got tired."

Mrs. Pomeroy did not forget on the following day the appointment she had made with Rupert; be you very sure of that. Leaving her visitors to occupy themselves as they best might, or to be entertained by her mother, Mrs. Pomeroy went forth to the meeting, just as the little chapel clock was ringing out its twelve strokes for mid-day. Guy was away again, the sportsmen having gone to-day to a greater distance. She found Rupert waiting for her at the little door of the Keep, which stood open.

"Good morning," said he. "I began to think you were not coming. Will you come in?"

"No; I am not going inside to-day. We can walk about while I finish the history of what Guy said and did; and then I must go back again."

"As you will," replied Rupert. And he was turning to shut the Keep door, when, somewhat to his surprise, Alice whisked swiftly past him and went inside of her own accord.

"There's Father Andrew," she whispered.

Rupert looked round. The priest had come out of the chapel, and was halting at its entrance, as if uncertain whether to bend his steps this way or round to his own house beyond the grave-yard. Rupert followed Mrs. Pomeroy, and shut the door.

"I'm sure you need not be afraid of the priest," said he. "What though he did see me walking with you? Is it treason?"

"He might tell Guy," said Mrs. Pomeroy.

"And what if he did? There's no harm. Guy would not eat you for it."

"He might—shake me. I declare, Rupert, I thought that night, more than once, that he would have shaken me."

"How you must have provoked him!" laughed Rupert.

"I did. I said everything I could to do it. He was so mad!"

Rupert perched himself upon a high stone ledge projecting from the wall. Mrs. Pomeroy sat on the opposite side of the room on a low stool creaky with age: and there they talked away at Guy to their anger's content; but it was all highly wrong and foolish, and she, at any rate, ought to have known better.

"I told him I would quit the abbey as soon as these people went, Rupert," she observed, after bringing her narrative of the quarrel between herself and Guy to a conclusion. "And I think I shall—"

"Quit the abbey? You could not take a more unwise step. It is one you would probably repent of all your life. Having adopted the abbey for your home, there's nothing for it, that I see, but to stay in it."

"I like it for some things," confessed Alice, thinking of the show and the splendor. "But I don't like Guy."

"You should have thought of that before. It's too late now."

"Will you, please, look at your watch?" cried Alice, thinking he was not very complimentary this morning.

It was half-past twelve. Rupert jumped off his perch, and Alice rose. In walking towards the door, a thought struck her.

"You have not told me where you are staying, Rupert?"

"At Gaunt's."

"At Gaunt's! Oh, then you are friendly with him!"

"Why should we not be friendly?"

"Well—I thought—about Captain Pomeroy, you know."

"It would be hard if the sins of one brother were to be visited on the other," answered Rupert, a smile crossing his lips. "Even if Gaunt were aware that George had injured him—which he is not."

"I have fancied that, but will you look out and see that the coast is clear?"

The coast was clear. It was a spot rarely frequented, and not a soul was in sight. For a few minutes they paced about underneath the Keep: and when they parted, another appointment was made for the morrow.

And so, as the days went on, Mrs. Pomeroy suffered herself to fall into the habit of meeting Rupert: and the habit, considering his reckless character and the temper she was at present indulging, was not altogether a safe one. Not every day, but as often as she could safely accomplish it, did Mrs. Pomeroy go forth to meet Rupert in the Keep. There was no more reason for their seeking the shelter of the Keep than for being in the open air, only that within it they were safe from remark. No doubt it wore a bad appearance, these secret meetings in that private place; that is, it would have worn such had there been eyes to observe. That was all; but, as remarked, it was altogether highly hazardous and objectionable.

The guests had been at Pomeroy Abbey ten days, three-parts the length of term they were invited for, when the day of the christening dawned. It brought a disappointment. Much wonder, some concern had been excited the previous evening in consequence of the non-arrival of Miss Pomeroy. This morning Guy received a letter, saying they were not to expect her. The indisposition of her sister's children—which had delayed her coming—had culminated in scarlatina. Guy was very sorry; he thought much of having his sister Joan present at the service; but her decision was of course a right one.

And with much pomp and ceremony, the little girl, adorned with her beautiful robes, was carried to the chapel, and there received the solemn rite of baptism. The names bestowed upon her were Mary Alice Joan. Mary after the lord's mother, Alice after his wife, Joan after his sister. In the evening there was a great banquet, at which none shone so brightly or looked so gay as Mrs. Pomeroy.

The love of Rupert was filling her whole heart; and the daily meetings with him, innocent though in one sense they were, at least they had become ominously dear. I shall see him to-day, was the one thought that would flash over her mind when she woke in the morning: and in her gladness she was even civil to her husband.

One evening, two days after the christening, when Alice had gone to the nursery before dinner, Mrs. Wylde came in. Alice looked rather surprised as her mother carefully shut the door and came forward.

"Is anybody in the inner room, Alice?"

"No. Bridget went down stairs for something or other. Why?"

"What brought you to-day marching round the Keep with Rupert Pomeroy?" proceeded Mrs. Wylde, without circumlocution.

"Who says I was there?" she asked, her face flushing.

"Now, Alice, don't equivocate; it will not serve you. You were there, and with him: and you were with him in the same place one day last week also."

"And if I were?" retorted Alice, resolving to meet the matter boldly, and raising her head. "Is it high treason?"

"It is high folly," returned Mrs. Wylde. "Don't you do anything so disloyal again, Alice. Rupert Pomeroy has lowered the family with his debts and his ill courses; the lord feels it keenly; and you, his wife, should at least have the grace not to countenance him."

"And, pray, mamma, who is it that has brought tales to you of me and my movements?"

"Lettice chanced to see you, and mentioned it to me."

"'Chanced' to mention to you that she saw me last week, and 'chanced' to mention it to you to-day. I should call Lettice a firebrand."

"Nonsense, Alice! Lettice is nothing of the sort: she had no ill intention in speaking. But, my dear, I beg of you to be cautious. Do not be seen with Rupert Pomeroy again: it would not be pleasant to your husband."

"Oh, of course *he* must be studied!"

"Well," concluded Mrs. Wylde, not altogether liking the rebellion in her daughter's words and manner, "do not forget, Alice, that *I have warned you.*"

It was just as though her mother had spoken to the winds. Nay, the very speaking rendered her present resentful mood only the more resentful. She continued to meet Rupert; partly because she liked to be with him, partly because she knew how angry it would make Guy, and therefore was a kind of revenge upon him.

CHAPTER XII.

IN THE HAUNTED ROOM.

It was the day previous to that which was to witness the departure of the abbey guests, and close upon mid-day. Mrs. Pomeroy had left them to their own devices, and was going forth to another stolen interview, when on turning out of the abbey gates she encountered Bridget and the baby.

"What are you here for?" she began, in her imperious way. "I ordered you to take the child through the village, up towards the forest."

"I am going, madam. But," added Bridget, dropping her voice, "I have just met Mr. Rupert, and he sent me back with this. He bade me lose no time in giving it into your own hands."

It could scarcely be called a note that the girl held out. It appeared to be a leaf taken from a pocket-book, folded, and tied round with string: as if the writer had not been able to find any better fastening. Mrs. Pomeroy took it gingerly in her fingers, with a suitable show of surprise and reluctance.

"Mr. Rupert sent you with this! To me! Why, what is it, I wonder? What can he want? You need not wait, Bridget."

Bridget turned away with her charge. Her mistress untied the string, and saw a few words in pencil.

"*Don't come to-day.* The Keep is no longer safe: and I suspect that I am being watched. I will be in the west tower to-night; in the haunted room. Come up there for a minute; I will not keep you longer—just that I may explain. You will find the doors open."

Mrs. Pomeroy tore the paper into minute bits, and scattered them to the winds. Turning back to the abbey, she shut herself in her chamber.

A fine state of tremor she was in all day of suspense; of anxious curiosity to know the best and the worst. But she had no means of satisfying herself; for she dared not walk out on the chance of meeting Rupert. Had he not said he was watched?—perhaps she was watched also?

The following morning witnessed the departure of the guests. At least, of most of them. It was the 17th of October: a day to be darkly noted henceforth in the annals of the Pomeroys as the most terrible that had ever dawned for them. Three or four of Guy's particular friends, men, would remain a day or two longer; on the morrow a great onslaught was to be made on the pheasants, and they stayed for it.

At one o'clock Bridget came in from her walk with the baby, and Mrs. Pomeroy, an intensely fond mother, ran upstairs. She was taking the baby from Bridget when the woman gave her another note. Mrs. Pomeroy opened it.

"Why did you not come? I waited for you in the west tower for three hours. I saw you open your chamber window and look out; but the casement where I stood lay in deep shade, and I deemed it might be unwise to open it or to make any signal. I shall be there again this evening: come for an instant, as I leave for good to-morrow. You will find the doors open. I have chosen the west tower as being perhaps the only place where I should never be looked for."

So ran the note: and Mrs. Pomeroy, reading it a second and a third time, full of sinful dissimulation, began scheming how she could best contrive to get up to the west wing unperceived.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

HIS COLLEGE CHUM.

BY JULIUS COMBE.

Brixham Hall was an old style hall situated in the west of England, and inhabited by Sir Henry Maynard, a bachelor, who was the possessor of considerable property in the neighborhood.

The Baronet had served his country for many years in India, and it was not a month after his return to England that he received the news of the death of his brother and his wife at sea.

In consequence of this Sir Henry took upon himself the charge of his brother's children, and hereafter George and Arthur Maynard found their home at Brixham and were educated at Oxford.

Two years subsequently to this, Sir Henry's only sister, a widow, died suddenly, and left her little daughter, Nelly Hood, almost totally unprovided for.

Maynard came again to the rescue, and at the time our story opens Sir Henry and his neice and nephews comprised the party at the Hall.

Nelly was a fair-haired little fairy of seventeen, as lovely as a sunbeam and as cheerful as a skylark.

George Maynard was the eldest of the two brothers, and of a bright, lively spirit. He was twenty, while his brother, Arthur, was only eighteen.

Arthur was of a more sedate disposition, though as kind and genial as his brother George.

It was a fine morning in August, and breakfast had just been finished.

"Well, boys," exclaimed the old gentleman, "and what are you going to do to-day?"

"I shall take my rod, uncle, and see if I can find a trout," replied George.

"I noticed a box of books as I came down from London this morning," answered Arthur, "and I think I shall amuse myself by looking them through."

"And you, Nelly?"

"I, uncle? Why, I shall stay with you, of course."

Sir Henry and Nell thereupon adjourned to the former's study, Arthur applied himself to the unpacking of the box of literature, and George, obtaining his rod, took his way toward a neighboring pond which was situated near his uncle's property.

He had scarcely arrived there, however, when he perceived the figure of a man leaning against a tree a little lower down the stream.

Anxious to discover who the trespasser was, George approached him quietly from behind, and discovered that, at all events, he was not a poacher.

"What are you doing here, my good man?" exclaimed George. "I suppose you are a stranger, and are not aware that you are upon private property?"

"What am I doing?" repeated the man, quietly, without looking around. "Why, I was just wondering whether that hole over there was deep enough to drown in; and if it be not whether I would have sufficient moral courage to keep my head beneath the surface till all was over."

And as he said this he turned round, and then for the first time George saw his face.

"What! Algernon de Courcy?—my old college friend—how can I help you?" exclaimed George, overwhelmed with astonishment.

"I will answer the most important question first—by giving food, for I am literally starving. I have eaten nothing but mangolds and sour apples for upwards of seven days."

"Come along, Algy," exclaimed George. "Fortunately we are not far off from the Hall, so that you can soon be made easy on that score."

In a few minutes they arrived at the coachman's habitation, a neat little lodge near the grounds.

"Ben, this gentleman is a friend of mine, who has met with an accident. Put everything you have to eat on the table, will you?"

"Certainly, sir," said Ben, and with the alacrity of a well-bred servant, he laid a cloth and brought out the necessaries of a substantial meal.

And then George watched his old friend eat for half an hour.

At length, after washing his meal down with a huge jug of cider, he gave a sigh of content.

"Now, George, there is only one thing I want for present happiness. Have you any tobacco?"

And, as he spoke, he pulled out a short, black pipe.

In a few minutes he was supplied with the necessary weed, and was blowing a cloud.

After a short silence he observed, "And now, old man, to tell you how it is you find me contemplating the beauties of nature down here."

He then told him how a 'false' charge of theft made against him at college had begun a series of misfortunes which so far had resulted in making him a tramp.

"I then wended my way hither."

"Well, well, old boy, you must have gone through a lot of misery," said George when he had finished, "and I only happy that I met you when I did. Have you nothing in view?"

"Nothing. I am dead."

"Then what do you say to taking the place of keeper for a while till something better turns up?"

"Thanks, my dear George," said De Courcy, languidly. "That will suit me to a T."

"That's all right, then. And now I will go and fetch you some clothes and a razor."

George left his friend and went to hunt some clothes for him.

He picked out everything from his trunk but a coat.

"Ah," said he to himself, "Arthur has an old velveteen coat that will just do for Algy."

So he proceeded to hunt up his brother, whom he found under a tree surrounded with books.

Arthur granted the request and then turned once more to his books.

Upon re-entering the little room where he had left De Courcy, George was not a little displeased to see, by his flushed face, trembling hand, and slightly incoherent speech, that his friend had availed himself of his absence to pay his attention to a brandy bottle that stood upon the table, and which, in the weak state he was in had returned the civility in the manner that might have been expected.

He gave him the clothes, however, and making arrangements to see him in the morning, he returned to the house.

During dinner time Sir Henry was unusually silent and preoccupied; and as soon as that meal was concluded he continued, "my children, I have a few words to say to you all, and I shall be glad if you accompany me to my study."

Wondering what this could be the precursor of, the cousins followed the old gentlemen, and as soon as they were all seated the Baronet began.

"I have a feeling, my dear children—a presentiment, if you will—that I am not much longer for this world; and I wish, before I go, to let you all understand how I have arranged matters, and what my wishes are.

"Nay; do not interrupt me; man has his allotted time on earth, and I shall not be sorry to depart.

"Of course, to George, the title will descend; and I am sure you will not disgrace it.

"In my will, which is in this drawer,"—touching one in the table at which he sat—"you will find that I have left you the Hall and the Brixham Estate, together with two thirds of my money, under certain conditions which I will speak of later on.

"To you, Arthur, I have left all my property at Dartmouth, and another third of my money in consols and elsewhere."

At this moment, as he looked up at the window, George thought he saw a face looking through; but the next moment he persuaded himself that it was the effect of his imagination.

"And now, my little fairy, with respect to you;" and, as he spoke, the old gentleman drew Nelly close to him.

"I am an old man, but I am not yet blind to the ways of the world; and I think I have observed a certain feeling between your cousin George and yourself. If I am right and you two could be united the dearest wish of my heart would be fulfilled. This is the condition I spoke of, George. Are you willing to accept it?"

"Willingly, uncle. I have long wished to speak, uncle, but—"

"That is well; and now what do you say, Nelly?"

Nelly hung her head, blushing like a rosy sunrise, and for a moment could not speak. Then she managed to murmur, "Anything that will give you happiness, dear uncle."

"Then that is settled, and—"

"Not quite, sir," interrupted Arthur, in an injured tone. "I must beg to decline accepting the share of the property apportioned to me."

"What do you mean, you foolish boy? Explain yourself."

"I do not think it fair, sir, that you should have forced Miss Hood's hand upon my brother. He accepts it naturally enough (with a sneer), and she consents out of gratitude to you. If you had not been thus arbitrary, another might have had a chance of winning her."

"Heaven forgive me if I have done wrong!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "Nelly, have I made a mistake? Have you consented merely to make me happy? Have you not that affection for your cousin George that I have imagined? In short, my darling, have I made a mistake?"

George had gradually drawn nearer and nearer to Nelly as his uncle was speaking, and when she replied, almost inaudibly, "You were not wrong, uncle," he seized her in his arms and imprinted upon her lips the first lover's kiss.

Without a word Arthur walked out of the room.

"And now, George, I wish you to take these books up to Mr. Hall. I have promised them to him for some time; and while you are away Nelly can read to me."

George took the books and started off to Mr. Hall's house, which was about two miles and a half away.

With reading and conversation, the time passed away until it began to get dusk, and then Sir Henry observed, "Nelly, my dear, be good enough to fetch me my medicine. I left it in the dining-room."

Nelly left the room in search of the medicine. Having obtained it she returned.

Upon opening the study door, such a scene presented itself to her vision that for a moment she thought she had gone mad."

Her uncle was lying with his throat cut from ear to ear.

Looking round in her terror she perceived a man trying to escape through the window.

She rushed across the room crying for assistance at the top of her voice, and caught hold of the coat.

It was the flap of the pocket.

The coat was old and the stitch was rotten.

A rip, a tear, and the man escaped, leaving Nelly with a piece of brown velveteen in her hand.

As usual, when too late, assistance came pouring in, and the servants crowded into the room.

Sir Henry was dead, and the draw in which he stated his will to be was open, and had been rifled.

Several of the men at once commenced a search for the man whom Nelly had seen escape; whilst a groom rode over to the nearest the town to give notice to the police.

Several constables were quickly sent over to the scene of the tragedy.

For a short distance they could trace the murderer after his exit.

A few yards from the house they picked up a razor, with the initials "G. M." upon the handle; and a hundred yards further on they discovered a brown velveteen coat, covered with blood and with the flap missing.

Returning to the house, the sergeant now commenced catechising the household. It was at once settled that the coat belonged to Mr. Arthur and the razor to Mr. George.

Mr. Darley, a famous detective came a minutes only before the two brothers.

George's face and collar were covered with blood, from which also Arthur was not entirely free.

In spite of the explanation they offered, which was that they had met in a certain lane, and had had words; which were followed by blows, the magistrate thought the case was so strong against them that he at once committed them.

The two brothers were then put in separate cells in Exeter Gaol before noon on the following day.

* * * * * * * *

The trial has been held and is over. George has given an explanation and so has Arthur.

Their counsel has pleaded most eloquently for them. But all in vain.

The circumstantial evidence was very strong against them.

Without leaving the box the jury brought in a verdict of "Guilty."

The black cap was put on—the prisoners were legally sentenced to hang by the neck until they were dead.

The unfortunate young men were seated in the condemned cell, when the chaplain made his appearance, followed by a lady whom George at once recognised as Nelly.

"I know not whether I am doing right or wrong," observed the chaplain; "but I have been persuaded by Miss Hood to undertake an office that in these walls seldom occurs."

"It was my dear uncle's last wish, George," said Nelly with her eyes full of tears; "and I long to show before the whole world my belief in your innocence. You will not refuse my last request."

And she burst into tears.

George made a few objections, but Nelly's tears overruled them all, and in ten minutes they were man and wife.

Hardly had the last words left the chaplain's mouth when a tumultuous shout was heard without—a sound of a vast multitude accompanied with hurrahs.

The iron-barred door is burst open and in rushes the late Sir Henry's old servant, followed by two or three others.

"It's all right, Sir George!" exclaimed the old man. "It's all found out! You're free—you're free! Shout again boys! Hip, hip, hurrah!"

It was no time to ask for any particulars.

Accompanied by his wife and his brother George stepped into a carriage that was waiting outside the prison gate.

There George received the explanation.

Algernon De Courcy had been found in a dying state by the roadside three days before.

When he found he was dying, he confessed that he committed the deed, and produced the will as proof, adding that he was very drunk at the time; and, having overheard the conversation in the study, it had struck him that the old man's death would benefit his friend, consequently he had fetched the razor, and committed the murder.

Thus, through a perverted sense of gratitude he had nearly caused the death of his friend by circumstantial evidence.

FACETIÆ

Man finds his first "rock ahead in life" in the cradle.

Miss-Construction—whalebone and paint powder and wadding.

Drive your cattle on the ice if you want cowslips in the winter.

Self-help among tramps is one of their virtues, if there is anything lying around loose.

"I was just getting my hand in," said the pickpocket to the policeman who had arrested him.

A correspondent asks which tree has the strongest bark. The hoarse chestnut, we should suppose.

When the Sultan loses his temper, the ladies of the household speak of him as a harem-scar'em fellow.

An Irishman complained to his physician that he stuffed him so much with drugs that he was sick a long time after he got well.

An exchange heads an article "A Grapple for Life with a Wildcat." We should think life with a wildcat would be the last thing a man would grapple for.

"The worst dose of 'hop-bitters' I ever had," said a young man, "was the other night when I took a girl to a hop, and some other fellow danced with her every set."

"Did you run away from the fight?" said a man to his friend, who returned in something of a hurry. "No—oh, no! I did not run away exactly, but I gave 'em a specimen of tall walking."

A gentlemen who recently traveled over a notoriously slow branch railroad, declared that it is the safest road in the country, as the superintendent keeps a boy running ahead of the train to drive off the cows and sheep.

Young lady: "It was a very stylish dinner." Learned uncle—"Are you using the word correctly?" Young lady—"Certainly, from sty, a pig-house, and lish, the noise made by the animals when eating." Learned uncle in despair.

A captain of a vessel loading coals went into a counting-house, and requested the loan of a rake. The merchant, looking towards his clerks said, "I have a number of them here, but none of them would wish to be hauled over the coals."

"Wherever I go," said a gentleman, remarkable for his pride, "I am sure to find sensible men from my own county." "No wonder," said the gentleman whom he was addressing; "for any man of your county who has any sense leaves it as soon as he can."

An aged divine said to his flock, "Brethern, you may desire to know how I have occupied my time during the past year. I will tell you. It took just six months of the year for me to attend to my own business, and the other six months to let other people's business alone."

The would-be suicide should hesitate before the fatal draught is drunk; the pistol pointed, the rope adjusted, or the blade bared. No one possessing the fine feelings of a gentleman would intrude where he is not wanted. Better wait till you are sent for, no matter which of the places you might go to.

Romantic young lady (who has discovered a faded memorial of courtship days): "'Tis but a little faded flower, but, oh, how fondly dear!" Practical husband: "Dear! I should say so! That's a representative of a five dollar bouquet; and, for buying it, I walked to the office every day, and deprived myself of lunches for a week!"

AVOID A COSTIVE Habit of Body, not only because of the attending discomfort, but lest it engender more serious consequences. Dr. Jayne's Sanative Pills are either Laxative or Cathartic, according to the dose, and may be depended upon to produce healthy secretions of the Liver and Stomach.

THERE'S A SILVER LINING TO EVERY CLOUD.

Tho' the world may be dark, and our foot-steps be lone,
No sunshine to gladden and cheer us,
When the hearts that are round us are cold as a stone,
And no loving bosom be near us.
Tho' fortune may frown on our desolate path,
And no ray of light be seen shining,
Still joy, tho' unseen, hovers over the hearth,
For each cloud has a silvery lining.

Tho' friends may forsake us, or treat us with scorn,
Yet still we must try to remember,
That the gloomiest night has a radiant morn
And flowers bloom in spite of December.
And what though the joys of our youth should depart,
They will not be restored by repining,
For hope yet remains to enliven the heart,
And each cloud has a silvery lining.

Tho' winter be o'er us and all may seem drear,
And the birds o'en their nests have forsaken,
Yet comfort's at hand, for the spring-time is near;
Let your confidence never be shaken.
As the ivy clings firm to the oak's crumbling bark—
So round Hope your young heart should be twining,
And when you look up, tho' the sky may be dark,
Think each cloud has a silvery lining.

When trial and conflict would render you sad,
When your pleasure is mingled with care,
Then smile on your fortune, and try to be glad,
But, oh, never give way to despair.
And when the rough gales of the Winter are o'er,
And the bright sun above us is shining,
You'll find that your sorrows have all gone before,
And each cloud has its silvery lining.

HOW HE SPENT IT.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

It was a damp, uncomfortable evening, that made walking anything but pleasant, and, as a consequence the street cars were crowded.

At almost every corner the moist densely packed mass of humanity already in would be augmented by fresh arrivals dripping and ill tempered.

Six o'clock had just struck, and what with men and women loaded down with purchases, clerks of both sexes from the various stores anxious to reach home to, no doubt, prepare for the anticipated pleasures of the evening; and the general outpouring of the working population, there was some excuse, perhaps, for the utter forgetfulness of other people's ribs and bunions in the process of entering.

Two young men, well-dressed and refined looking, boarded the car together at one of the principal streets, and managed by dint of hard struggling to plant themselves in the doorway. There was a suspicious redness on the face of one, which forcing his way through the throng on the platform hard as it was, could scarce have produced. In fact the experienced but sternly just observer would unhesitatingly say he had been drinking.

After paying their fare his companion, evidently taking up the thread where it had been previously broken off, remarked:

"Well, but leaving out of the question to-night, how are you going to spend to-morrow?"

"It is for the destinies to decide," was the reply. "I'm going to look after to-day, and let to morrow take care of itself. That's said to be the true philosophy and I never felt so much like a Solomon as at the present moment. If I might be permitted to conjecture," he added, after a judicial and determined blinking at the light beside him, and lowering his tone—"it will be a continuation of the same old drunk. I'm flush as is necessary, and I'm going to have one first-rate spree before I go home."

The car at that moment gave a sudden jolt, and the speaker lurched sideways. His arm touched the hat of the lady occupying the corner seat, and slightly disarranged it. As he bent to apologize, she turned her face towards him, and with the slightest of graceful bows, accepted his excuse.

But something about her had evidently excited his curiosity, and in the pauses of the conversation with his friend, she was the object of many furtive glances.

It was plain she was not a store girl. Few would care to have such a white, pinched-looking face behind their counter; and even if this were not an objection the faded unfashionable garments she wore had proved an insurmountable obstacle. Doubtless, the shabby feather in her hat had not seen much of beauty in its best day, while nothing was more certain than that her dingy, frayed coat had years before earned the right to retirement from long and faithful service.

But in spite of these drawbacks she was decidedly pretty. The air of the natural lady clung to her notwithstanding her unprepossessing dress. And her low voice as she spoke to a pale sickly boy beside her had a truth and sweetness that thrilled the ear while lingering pleasantly in the mind.

Tom Durham watched her and felt a strange impulse rising within him. The lad with her, he soon noticed, was a cripple, for in his sunken head, dwarfed form and high shoulders, he saw the worst form of spine disease. From a similarity of features also, made more conspicuous by the worried, anxious expression on each, he knew they were brother and sister.

He, more observant than the girl, had caught Durham's eye several times. There was something, perhaps, in the handsome, kindly face that encouraged him, and he tried to smile. It could hardly be called a real smile, but rather a feeble, flickering hope to extract something strange to him—sympathy—from the hard world around him.

But they had arrived at their street—not a very fashionable one, the young man thought as the conductor announced it—for the girl had taken a small bundle and the boy picked up from underneath his feet what were not visible before, a pair of crutches. As he limped painfully by Durham, he again smiled and the two passed out.

There was some little delay in the cripple getting off the car steps, and Durham watched them with increasing interest. How kindly and gently the girl took his hand and supported him, though the elements, combining with the masterly inactivity of the authorities had made a mud ocean at that particular spot, while he took firm ground with his crutch. Never to him had the language of loving solicitude been made more clear and beautiful in his life.

Scarce had the car again started when Durham said to his friend:

"Jack, I'm going to leave you."

"What! Here! Why this isn't your street!"

"No matter, I'm going to go. For Thanksgiving Eve was made for hilarity and I mustn't forget my duty. Good night. I'll see you perhaps in the morning." And without further remark he was gone.

Jack Mindil attributed the sudden impulse to a half-tipsy vagary, for he had but one idea of Durham's object, and reflected after his departure what a pity it was that his chum's highest holiday idea of bliss was to indulge in potations frequent and long continued, or as he said to "have a high old time."

Painfully, almost creeping went the girl and the cripple along the badly-paved, dimly-lighted side street. To add to the general discomfort the rain, which had for hours been a mere drizzle, began to fall violently.

Not more patiently, nor perhaps willingly—did she guide his halting, unsteady movements, than they were followed by a tall figure, which kept flitting in and out of the shadows of the houses to escape observation.

Only once the girl spoke, for it seemed that the lad's every breath was almost exhausted, even in the effort to continue his walk:

Then the listener behind, now much closer to them, heard her say:

"I wouldn't have brought you out, Johnny, but mother and the surgeon wanted it, and the college ain't open holidays. But I know you'll get worse from this drenching. Oh! I wish we hadn't come!"

The reply was lost in a sweeping gust that made the couple stop still on the pavement. The shadow halted too.

"Can't you get to the baker's, Johnny. There's an awning there. It's only in the next block. Come, won't you try?"

The tedious, monotonous thud of the crutches indicated that they had again started.

Very weak he was, but bravely the boy struggled on to the corner. There was a store here, too—a grocery store—and a wooden shed projected half-way toward the street. It was dry under it, and a pile of boxes offered protection from the wind.

"I'll wait here, Mame," he said, "You go on to the baker's, and by the time you are through I'll be all right again."

She hesitated, but he repeated his request more urgently and she started off. The boy leaned up against a butcher's block and stared feverishly through the grocer's window at the tempting array of good things inside.

Involuntarily he spoke his mind.

"Oh, if we were not so poor," he murmured; "if we were not so poor."

A shadow thrown by the street lamp drew his fancies from the land of dreams. He raised his eyes and met the face of his friend of the street car. It was not red now and the sternly just observer would have decided it was as good a face as it was handsome.

He cast a hurried glance in the direction the girl had gone and then said:

"Will you tell me your name, my boy; and where you live?"

Without a moment's delay came the answer, "John Morley, sir; we live down by the river, sir, on this street."

"And the lady that just now left you is your——"

"She's my sister, sir—my sister Mary."

Then the man drew near, and they talked for some time. Perhaps the baker, whither Mary Morley had gone to procure their scant necessities for the night and morrow, had brought up unexpectedly a matter of unpaid scores which could not be briefly disposed of, so ten minutes flitted by ere she returned.

And when she did her brother was alone. Durham, before he left, on her reappearance across the way, had asked Johnny not to say that he had accosted him, and that when he heard from him again he would have cause for agreeable remembrances. The man's honest countenance, or perhaps the hunger that was in the boy's heart for love and tenderness, gave him confidence, and thankfully offering Durham his thin, almost transparent hand, he had promised.

Out again into the rain went the Morleys, and though the girl was pleasantly surprised at the ease and speed of her brother's steps homeward he gave no intimation of the truth. And the shadow still accompanied them through the narrow, dirty street, and as the door of a tumble-down house closed upon them, returned towards the grocery.

Business was not brisk, and the proprietor, a chubby Irishman, was leaning on his counter.

"Have you still time to fill and deliver an order to night?" remarked Durham as he entered.

The man replied he was as able as he was willing.

"Then take that out immediately in what a small family may require in your line for Thanksgiving, and a day or two after. I'm not a family man myself so I leave it to you. When ready send it to Mrs. Morley's in the frame row near the river. I don't know the street—and if any inquiries are made, say it is the Thanksgiving gift of a friend." With this he placed before the half-dazed, open-mouthed grocer a twenty dollar bill.

There is no need to recount what came in the way of comfortable things the next day. There was some new furniture, carpeting and other things from other stores, and such great wonders that the neighborhood was frenzied with speculation. But the Morleys knew the truth. The deep, prayerful gratitude of his mother and sister was too much for Johnny, and betraying his unknown friend's confidence he had told them all.

But the affair did not, as some of the more romantic might suppose, end in Durham and Mame Morley falling in love with each other. This did not only not happen, but it is doubtful if they ever met again. The sons of wealthy merchants do sometimes marry poor sewing-girls like her, but only in the world of fiction, not of fact.

This much, however, is certain: Thanksgiving night Durham again saw his friend Mindil; and in the car.

The meeting was a chance one.

"Jack," he said, "I want you to lend me enough money to get home. This 'spree' of mine cost me something over a hundred dollars, and the result is I'm dead broke."

A vinegar faced virgin of fifty in the corner who heard the expression, was as usual horrified at the depravity of the male sex, and again inwardly resolved never to marry one of the awfully dissipated creatures—unless he asked her.

But Tom Durham never forgot that Thanksgiving Day, nor regretted how he spent it.

P. HENRY DOYLE.

Italians are very anxious to revive two great branches of trade which France derived originally from them—silk and wine.

Going the rounds of the press—the girl who waltzes.

A Strange Dream.

BY MAUD MURRAY.

In the present age of enlightenment it is considered somewhat superstitious to attach any importance to those shadowy visions of the night which we call dreams.

Some events, however, cannot be wholly accounted for on this side of the grave, and, probe as we may, we can never arrive at any satisfactory or practical solution of their cause.

I am the mother of a large family, and am, by nature, neither fanciful nor nervous. But I can never speak of the matter which I am now about to relate without a certain feeling of spiritual awe.

It was during the happy years of our bush life in Australia that it happened, amid scenery and surroundings as opposed as could be to the morbid flight of the imagination.

One morning, as we were all—my husband, children, and myself—sitting round the breakfast table, my eldest daughter, Lucy, entered, and took her accustomed place, looking strangely pale and troubled, with startled, bloodshot eyes. I knew she had been up late the night before, so I did not immediately comment upon her appearance.

I was just going to pour out her cup of tea, when she suddenly rose from her chair and rushed to my side, burying her face on my shoulder, and sobbing out:

"Oh, mother! that same dreadful dream twice, and in succession, too! I shall dream it again to-night, I know, and then all will come true! Oh, mother!—mother!"

I could not calm the poor child for some time, she was in such an agony of apprehension.

My boy Tom—I shall never forgive him for it—left the room with an incredulous laugh.

Nearly an hour passed before I could persuade her to touch any food. At last a cup of strong coffee, which I forced upon her, revived her a little, and she was able to relate to me the dream which had so disturbed her rest.

"I seemed," she said, "to be climbing a great hill with a weird, wild summit.

"An enormous forehead of rock overhung the abyss, and one or two thorny bushes edged it, like a fringe of hair.

"Back, far back, into the very depths of the rocks, ran the sharp hollow, and then the mountain swelled forth beneath into a mighty bosom strewn with terrible boulders.

"What strange attraction led my feet upwards I knew not; but, like a mountain sheep, I kept seeking the loftiest solitude, the dizziest heights, until I stood at the extreme point of that awful mountain peak.

"Then, looking down into the abyss, I saw another mountain top far below, from which a dense cloud began to rise, until its crest rested against the cold cliff within a fathom's length of my trembling feet. The huge curve so overhung the lesser peak that its jagged edge seemed almost to stand perpendicularly over it, and I could have dropped a stone upon the pigmy summit so far beneath.

"Suddenly the tramp of swift feet approached me from behind. I turned, just in time to meet the wild eyes of a horse, with a pale rider clinging to his back. The steed was evidently ungovernable; he rushed directly on me, and I stretched out my hand to seize the dangling bridle.

"I do not know whether I caught it or not; but the next moment I remember seeing a dim, shrieking object disappear in the dense cloud at my feet, the very vortex of whose fall seemed to be dragging me over and over the fearful precipice. Just as I was toppling into space, I awoke, covered with a cold perspiration and struggling for breath.

"For some minutes my thoughts were paralyzed by the horror of the dream; then I gradually grew calmer, when suddenly the remembrance of the previous night rushed over me.

"How exactly alike were the two dreams! In every particular, even to the weird picture of the hollow mountain and the thick mist!

"If I should dream the same again to-night, I know that it will come true!"

Such was Lucy's dream.

As a mother, I did my best to dispel the superstition which had so laid hold on her mind. Still, I could not help myself being struck with the singularity of the dream, and its exact repetition a second night.

The day wore away. Occupied with many and various domestic duties, I thought no more of Lucy's dream; and she retired to rest, when we all went at half-past eight o'clock, to all appearances quite tranquil and happy.

Soon the whole house was wrapped in slumber.

The next morning when she came down she looked tired and pale, but happy and peaceful as a sleeping child.

A great change seemed to have come over her. Her eyes, once full of rippling laughter, wore a deep, wonderfully significant smile now, and her lips were compressed into the firmness which precedes a great resolve.

She took both my hands in hers, as though exercising a guardian power of protection and pity; and then formed a sweet contrast to this loftier mood by laying her golden head on my shoulder.

"Sit down, dear mother," she whispered. "There's something very wonderful to tell you—something which concerns me very deeply, and that must enter into my life for ever!"

Then followed a strange, wild story, which I will give in Lucy's own words.

"After I left you last last night, mother, and retired to my room, I bethought me of my terrible dreams, and remembered that this was the third and last night. If it should visit me this once more, I knew that I must succumb to the strange spell.

"It must have been towards midnight, when the familiar imagery of the dreaded dream began to unfold itself in my sleep. First, I remember, the dull, dark mist took its place in the vision; then the leaning mountain in all its dreariness; and very soon I saw myself included in the weird picture—a pale, hurrying figure, with a face set to the loftiest summit of the mysterious hill.

"Then all the events of the dream transpired exactly as before.

"All these phenomena, even more intense in their reality than before, passed in turn through my imagination.

"Scarcely, however, had the dream reached its exquisitely painful and dreadful end, when I awoke very suddenly, as though thrilled by an electric shock.

"The darkness of my room was faintly yet perceptibly, broken by the first rays of a clouded moon.

"It was an atmosphere fitted for spectres or visions, and a spectre or vision I surely saw at my open window.

"It was nothing more than a very distinct human finger; but it kept beckoning and beckoning in such a bewildering way, that I could no more resist its fascination than the swaggering bird can evade the jaws of the snake which has charmed it. So I arose, trembling violently, drew on one or two articles of clothing, and approached the window.

"How I reached the ground from thence I shall never be able to tell. I only remember that something invisible seemed to uphold me in my wild leap to the earth.

"It is certain that I received no injury from the descent—not even a scratch. All the time I felt impelled to go on, as if some higher, all-powerful will were influencing me.

"I hurried on and on, until I found myself actually ascending the mountain.

"My great fatigue first roused me to a sense of my position. There was I, all alone in the dead of night, climbing a dangerous mountain on an unknown errand.

"Ere long I found myself on the wind-swept summit. All was still as death, but for the restless pulsing of the breeze.

"Every trace of my airy guide had disappeared; it seemed to have blended with that dark cloud which hung across the chasm beneath me like a funeral pall.

"It was not for long, however. Very soon the tramp of those dreaded feet began to sound upon the rocks behind me.

"Then, just as the rapid sounds began to thunder in my ears, I turned sharply round, and stood face to face with the mad steed!

"There was something in the fire of the animal's eyes which must have kindled my courage, for I never felt so calm, and strong, and self-possessed in my life. He cowered a moment on his quivering haunches beneath the decision in my mild face.

"It was but a moment, yet it served to change the issue of the event, and the whole current of my existence.

"The pale rider seemed to take in the mighty alternative at a glance. He leaped from the horse's back just as the infuriated brute, brushing me aside with his foam flecked shoulder, rose to the awful leap, and disappeared in mist and space.

"The fury of his passage caused me to lose my balance, standing, as I was, on the very edge of the precipice; and I should certainly have toppled over after the steed, had not his master caught me by the arm just as I was reeling and throwing my hands in the agony of my increasing dizziness.

"I fainted in his arms, and only woke to consciousness, as he told me here, after a stupor of more than an hour's duration.

"When I did open my eyes, however, it was with understanding enough to look straight up into the pale horseman's eyes and to read there the secret and glory of my life.

"Mother, that man was Randolph Churchill, and I love him with a love as great as it is mysterious!"

She paused and hid her face in her hands.

Randolph Churchill, whom she had mentioned, was a young sheep farmer, the son of our nearest neighbor, but who had never, ostensibly, paid Lucy any marked attentions.

Lucy's revelation both startled and perplexed me. It was most extraordinary and unaccountable that, without any apparent reason, she should pitch upon Randolph Churchill as the hero of her three wild wild dreams, and the cause of her somnambulic ramble in the middle of the night—for it was very evident that she had walked miles in her sleep. How she had escaped all manners of perils and dangers by the way was a miracle for which I thanked Providence.

I determined to seek old Mrs. Churchill, Randolph's mother, whom I knew well, and confide in her; and, with this purpose in view, I set out that very day for the sheep-farm, which was within driving distance of our own residence.

Mrs. Churchill met me with open arms.

"My dear friend," she exclaimed, "I am so rejoiced to see you! I have been in such anxiety about Rudolph!"

She then proceeded to relate that her son had also been troubled by a forboding dream, which, on the third night of its occurrence, resulted, as did my daughter's in a supernatural visitation and an unaccountable impulse to fulfil the dire suggestions of the vision.

In his case, however, the guide who conducted him and his horse to the strange mountain appeared to be no spirit, but the exact flesh and blood image of my dear Lucy.

Up and up the steep mountain side he sped, still distanced by the fleeting figure of the maiden, until his horse's hoofs thundered sharply on the solid summit, and he knew he was being borne on to a horrible death unless something should intervene to check the speed of the charger.

"But," Randolph continued, just as I had closed my eyes that I might not see myself plunged into space, the rapid motion of my horse was checked. He stopped still for a second, quivering in every limb.

"Looking down, I saw the white face of a beautiful maiden, who had seized my horse's bridle. Her eyes glowed in the misty night like opals of fire.

"Then a sudden inspiration seized me. Disengaging my feet from the stirrups, I leaped quickly to one side—not so quickly, however, as to escape danger, for I fell into a thick bush which overhung the brow of the precipice.

"Thanks to its tough fibres, I soon regained the solid rock, just in time to save my fair deliverer from the same horrible death with which I had been threatened.

"She sank back, cold and senseless, into my arms, and it was an hour or more before I could bring the dear light back into her eyes. When she did open them, she fixed them on my own with such a fulness of peace and gratitude, that I knew she hid something there which I could not, or would not, conceal from her for a thousand worlds."

The mystery of the phantoms was never accounted for, nor could we ever explain the strange coincidence of Randolph's and Lucy's precisely similar dreams.

It is certain, however, that these supernatural visitations, from whatever source they sprang, had the result of attracting the two young people so powerfully towards each other, that they were immediately engaged; and, in a few months afterwards, they were married, with the full consent of both families.

The happy pair devoted part of their wedding tour to a minute search for the mysterious mountain, with the intention of erecting upon it some fitting monument in memory of that wild night's adventure, which first drew them together. But their search was vain.

So I can only consign the extraordinary phenomena which preceded their union to that vast number of things between heaven and earth which lie beyond the reach of our philosophy.

TOBY.

BY F. O.

Toby was a sheep of middling size, lightly built, finely limbed, as agile as a deer, with dark, intelligent, gazelle-like eyes, and a small pair of neatly-curled horns, with the points protruding about an inch from his forehead. His color was white except on the face, which was slightly darker.

As an old sailor, I wish to say something of Toby's history. I was on board the good brig Reliance, bound from Cork to Galitz, on the left bank of the Danube. While in the Grecian Archipelago, desiring a taste of fresh meat, the captain had bought a sheep. This was Toby, with whom the skipper returned to his vessel. There happened to be on board this ship a large and rather useless half-bred Newfoundland. This dog was the very first to receive the attentions of Master Toby, for no sooner had he placed foot on the deck, than he ran full tilt at the poor Newfoundland, hitting him square on the ribs and banishing almost every bit of breath from his body.

"Only a sheep," thought the dog, and flew at Toby at once. But Toby was too nimble to be caught, and he planted his blows with such force and precision, that at last the poor dog was lain to take to his heels, howling with pain, and closely pursued by Toby. The dog only escaped by getting out on to the bowsprit, where of course Toby could not follow, but quietly lay down in a safe place to wait and watch for him.

This first adventure showed that Toby was no ordinary sheep. How he had been trained to act an independent part no one could tell. His education, certainly, had not been neglected.

That same evening the captain was strolling on the quarter-deck engaged in eating a bunch of grapes, when Toby came up to him, and standing on end, planted his fore-feet on his shoulders, and looked into his face, as much as to say: "I'll have some of those, please."

And he was not disappointed, for the captain amicably went shares with Toby. Toby appeared so grateful for even little favors, and so attached to his master, that Captain Brown had not the heart to kill him. He would rather, he thought, go without fresh meat all his life. So Toby was installed as ship's pet. Ill fared it then with the poor Newfoundland; he was so battered and cowed, that for dear life's sake he dared not leave his kennel even to take his food. It was determined, therefore, to put an end to the poor fellow's misery, and he was accordingly shot. This may seem cruel, but it was kind in the main.

Now there was on board the Reliance an old Irish cook. One morning, soon after the arrival of Toby, Paddy, who had a round bald pate, be it remembered, was bending down over a wooden platter, cleaning the vegetables for dinner, when Toby took the liberty of insinuating his wooly nose to help himself. The cook naturally enough struck Toby on the snout with the flat of the knife and went on with his work. Toby backed astern at once; for he never could and never did receive a blow without taking vengeance. Besides, he imagined, no doubt, that holding down his head as he did, the cook was desirous of trying the strength of their respective skulls. When he had backed astern sufficiently for his purpose, Toby gave a spring; the two heads came into violent collision, and down rolled poor Paddy on the deck. Then Toby coolly finished all the vegetables, and walked off as if nothing had happened out of the usual.

Toby was revengeful to a degree, and if any one struck him, he would wait his chance, even if for days, to pay him out with interest in his own coin. He was at first very jealous of two little pigs which were bought as companions to him; but latterly he grew fond of them, and as they soon got very fat, Toby used to roll them along the deck like a couple of foot-balls.

There were two parties on board that Toby did did not like, or rather that he liked to annoy whenever he got the chance, namely the cook and the cat. He used to cheat the former and chase the latter on every possible occasion. If his master took pussy and sat down with him on his knee, Toby would at once commence to strike it off with his head. Finding that she was so soft and yielding that this did not hurt her; he would then lift his fore-foot and attempt to strike her down with that; failing in that, he would bite viciously at her; and if the captain laughed at him, then all Toby's vengeance would be wreaked on his master. But after a little scene like this, the sheep would always come and coax for forgiveness.

Our hero was taught a great many tricks, among others to leap backward and forward through a life buoy. When his hay and fresh provisions were done, Toby would eat pea-soup, invariably slobbering all his face in so doing, and even pick a bone like a dog. He was likewise very fond of boiled rice, and his drink was water, although he preferred porter and ale; but while allowing him a reasonable quantity of beer, the captain never encouraged him in the bad habit, the sailors had taught him, of chewing tobacco.

One day Captain Brown was going up the steps of the Custom-house, when he found that not only Toby but Toby's two pigs were following close at his heels. He turned round to drive them all back, but Toby never thought for a moment that his master meant that he should return.

"It is these two awkward creatures of pigs," thought Toby, "that master can't bear the sight of."

So Toby went to work at once, and first rolled one pig down-stairs, then went up and rolled the other piggie down-stairs; but the one piggie always got to the top of the stair again by the time his brother piggie was rolled down to the bottom.

Thinking that as far as appearances went, Toby had his work cut for the next half-hour, his master entered the Custom house. But Toby and his friends soon found some more congenial employment; and when Captain Brown returned, he found them all together in an outer room, dancing about with the remains of a new mat about their necks, which they had just succeeded in tearing to pieces.

Their practical jokes cost the captain some money one way or another.

And now Toby's tale draws near its close. The owner of the vessel, finding he had been bought as food for the crew, claimed Toby as his rightful property. It was all in vain that the captain begged hard for his poor pet, and even offered ten times his nominal value for him. The owner was deaf to all entreaties and obdurate. So the two friends were parted. Toby was sent a long way into the country to amuse some of the owner's children, who were at school there. But the sequel shows how very deeply even a sheep can love a kind-hearted master. After the captain left him, poor Toby refused all food and died of grief in one week's time.

"I have had many pets," says Captain Brown, "but only one Toby."

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

DYEING WOOD.—A Frenchman has devised a plan for dyeing and coloring wood by introducing dyes directly into the sap of the growing tree.

PAPER TEETH.—The latest utilization of paper is for artificial teeth, specimens of which were exhibited at the recent great paper exhibition at Berlin. They are said to be singularly durable.

MIXED WOOL AND SILK.—If a piece of tissue of mixed wool and silk is plunged in hydrochloric acid, the silk is soon dissolved, while the wool remains, so that by careful weighing before and after the operation the proportion of the two fibres is easily ascertained.

SHORTNESS OF SIGHT.—Shortness of sight is occasioned or aggravated by the forms of the letters of the alphabet as printed in books and newspapers. Similarities of form strain the eye by the effort to distinguish one from the other, and especially is this the case with Gothic or black letter characters. Short sight prevails largely and increases in Germany, owing to the general use in that country of Gothic printing-types.

CHLOROFORM.—A German physician says that if one-third part of oil of turpentine is added to chloroform the latter can be administered as an anæsthetic without the risk usually attending it. The reason assigned is that the stimulating properties of the turpentine intercept in a marked manner the pulmonic paralysis which is sometimes induced by the chloroform, and which is often the cause of death.

NEW MICROMETER.—A micrometer for meteorological purposes has been invented. Instead of the fine wires, are used the two edges of a slit made in a thin layer of gold, silver, or platinum, placed on the surface of a plate of glass having plane and parallel faces. The advantages claimed for the thin metallic layer are its opacity, its unalterableness under heat and moisture, and the facility with which slits may be made of any desired width.

GRASS IN PAPER MAKING.—It is suggested that common grass be employed as the raw material for paper. Its fibre is very strong, and it contains only a very small quantity of silicia. This kind of grass has been tried in England. Its value for paper making is estimated at $25 a ton. Our farmers and paper manufacturers might find it profitable to try what kind of paper they can produce from the grass of our lawns, which can be raised with but little expense on soil which is ill-fitted to sustain any other kind of vegetation.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—The French Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals had an exhibit at the Paris Fair. They showed devices for protecting the draught horse and the bird, the cattle in slaughter-houses and the bees in their hives. The society devotes considerable money each year in teaching children not to rob birds' nests. One invention is an instrument for binding the teeth of dogs, to prevent them from tearing the skin in case of hydrophobia. A clever man, who believed that it was cruel to stupefy bees before stealing their honey and wax from them, has invented a double hive, with a room into which the bees, when they have finished their labors, invariably retire. A little door is so arranged that it can be closed suddenly upon them, and they can be left to rage at their leisure, while the honey is withdrawn.

FEMININITIES.

Who says there are no heroes? A Chicago man married a widow with twenty children.

The man who married an incorrigible shrew declared to a friend that he had contracted a dangerous cold.

The girls like the new song, 'Put your armor on, my boys." It sounds so much like "Put your arm around me, boys."

Another one of those things which no fellow can find out is, why a man's wife thinks he cares nothing for preserves and other choice dainties save when she has company for supper.

An old bachelor who particularly hated literary women, asked an authoress if she could throw any light on kissing. "I could," said she, looking archly at him, "but I think it is better in the dark."

A matronly lady asked one younger in years why she did not require of her companion to teach her the French language. To which interrogation she replied that one tongue was enough for a lady.

A Newark man is a cool philosopher. On Monday, at eight, he found fault with the fish cakes, and his wife broke the dish over his head. Turning to his daughter, he said: "Your mother is celebrating our china wedding."

Three-fourths of the successful men of the day owe much of their prosperity to their wife's help. The load of life is so heavy that it takes a team of two to draw it. The ship not only wants a captain but a first mate.

A preacher reminds his youthful hearers of the old woman who, saying to her granddaughter that she had seen the folly of sin, received the reply: "Well, grandma, I want to see the folly of it, too." They could see the application.

John Hall, a Connecticut negro, married a white woman several years ago, and was very proud of her; but she seems to have regarded herself as his superior, for she whipped him before the honeymoon was over, and now has kicked him to death.

A poor old woman, who had worked and toiled for nearly threescore years, said if she didn't think she'd have rest in the next world, she'd tie a mill-stone round her neck and jump into the river, and go to the bottom, and stay there as long as she lived.

"I'm pleased to say, Mrs. Fitzbrown, that I shall now be able to vaccinate your baby from a very healthy child of your neighbor, Mrs. Jones." "Oh, dear, doctor, I could not permit that! We do not care to be mixed up with the Joneses in any way."

The lady was so humane that she would never allow her carpet to be beaten. She went into hysterics on hearing a boy, who was listening to a story about a donkey, tell the narrator to cut his tale short; and she fainted away when a relative said he had been killing time.

The great demand of the times appears to be a wife who can saw wood, clean house, cook for a family of seven, take care of the baby, wash and iron, answer the door, fight insects, work 15 hours a day, never waste, spoil or lose any thing, never go out, never want any thing, have no company, and be happy, smiling, well dressed and contented.

The ways of widows are artful as a general thing. A handsome one was cautioned by her minister about flirting, but she told him she had the Bible for her authority. He looked a trifle surprised, and tried to recollect that portion of the Word which referred to the subject; but he could not, and so asked her to give him chapter and verse. It said "widow's mite" didn't it? She was flirting awfully at last accounts; her pastor acknowledged that widows might.

A female infant born in a New York town has her head set on the wrong side before—her face where the back of her head ought to be. Such a girl, when she grows up, will possess some advantages over the ordinary woman. When she goes to church her neck will be saved many a twist, as she will not be obliged to turn her head to see who comes in. But unless she walks sort of backwards she will be apt to collide with lamp-posts, store boxes, and other things.

"Your fat is all in the fire," said a corpulent, noisy speaker, of three hundred pounds avoirdupois, addressing himself to his opponent. "If you were, we should have a foretaste of the general conflagration," replied the latter.

It is a Spanish maxim that "he that loseth wealth loseth much; he that loseth a friend loseth more; but he who loseth his spirits loseth all." So keep up your spirits and a fig for care.

It would be uncharitable too severely to condemn for faults, without taking some thought of the sterling goodness which mingles in and lessens them.

We are never more deceived than when we mistake gravity for greatness, solemnity for silence, or pomposity for erudition.

The Yonug Bears.

"Patience! like the young bears,' your troubles have yet to come."

Many little folks may have heard this proverb before, without having any idea of its origin, or why the young bears' troubles should have been selected before all others, so I may say that I believe this is how the proverb came to be used.

In the days of old, in a snug cave lived Papa and Mamma Bear and their two children, Mats, the son, and Furry, the daughter.

The young bears had arrived at that age when they become inquisitive, and think that they can do everything as well as their parents if not better; and they were constantly asking their father and mother questions about the life away from the cave, and proposing that they should go out and take their part in seeking the daily provisions, and the old folks used as constantly to reply, "Patience! your troubles have yet to come."

This did not at all satisfy the young folks, and when alone, they held much consultation together, and puzzled their brains as to why they must wait, how the troubles would come, and chiefly and lastly, what were troubles. Their mother often asked their father of an evening, and he told her that a small pig that he had brought in had given him a deal of trouble when he had caught it. Therefore, argued Mats, troubles must be something good to eat; and it was too bad that they should have to wait in the cave till it came to them, whilst their father and mother could get some near every day that they went out.

At last, one day, after a deal of consultation, they agreed that they would ask and know positively what troubles were, and so settle the matter; but here arose another difficulty, viz., who was to ask, and who was to be asked?

"You had better ask mother, as you are her favorite," said Furry.

"No," answered Mats; "you had better ask father; he will tell you anything." And Furry, being the gentler of the two, gave way.

She waited till next day, and as her father was getting ready to go out after breakfast, "Father," said she, "what are troubles?"

"Vexations, my dear; but don't bother me now, I'm busy," said he; and then he went out.

Mats was waiting anxiously at the back of the cave, and as Furry went towards him with a puzzled air, he bounced out with, "Well, what are troubles? I heard him tell you."

"Vexations," answered Furry, slowly.

"Wh-e-e-t! And what are vexations?" cried Mats.

"I don't know, but they are what father said troubles were," said Furry; "but you had better ask mother, and then we shall be all right."

"I suppose I must now," grumbled Mats; "but it was very stupid of you not to ask father more about it."

"He told me not to bother him, and then went out," replied Furry, quietly, as she settled herself for a nap.

Mats did not much like the idea of asking his mother, for he thought it looked as if he were ignorant; and he particularly did not want his father to hear him asking her, so he put it off till next morning; and when his mother was following his father out of the cave, he ran after her, and stopped her.

"Oh, mother," said he, "will you please tell me what vexations are?"

"Afflictions, my son," replied his mother; "but don't stop me now, your father is calling me."

Mats went back into the cave slower, and more puzzled than Furry had been the day before. She was waiting for him.

"Now, dear Mats," cried she, "do you know all about it?"

"No," answered Mats, sulkily; "vexations are afflictions. Now you know as much as I do."

"Dear me! we shall never find it out," sighed Furry.

"Never!" quickly returned Mats, "unless you get it out of father to-night; and you might do such a little thing as that, Furry."

She, always ready to please her brother, readily promised to do so; and the two were soon busy at play together.

In the evening, when the old bears had had their dinner, and were resting, Furry began to play about near her father, seeking for an opportunity to ask the important question; but he happened not to be in a very good humor, and her play, at last, irritating him, he told her and Mats to go to bed.

"In a moment, dear father," said Furry; "but will you please answer me one question first?"

"Only one, then," said her father. "Well, what is it?"

"Please tell Mats and me what afflictions are?"

"Troubles, little one!" at once answered both parents. "Now trot off; yours have yet to come."

Furry, who had nearly fallen on her back with dismay at the answer, followed Mats to bed, unable to say a word; but the latter out of temper, both with fury and his parents, kept up such a grumbling to himself, that in the morning he would have an answer—it was too bad to be put off in that way; and made such a muttering to himself, that at last he was sent to bed in another corner of the cave, which did not improve his temper, and only made him more determined to have his answer in the morning. Consequently, next day, when they were all at breakfast, "Father," said he, in a firm tone, "are troubles good to eat?"

"They are not," said his father, "nor to drink either; they are what all bears try to avoid and flee from. Now don't ask about troubles any more; yours will come quite soon enough."

When the two bears had gone out, Mats walked up and down the cave for some time. At last he said, "Furry, I am going out to look for troubles; will you come? It is no use our waiting here for them; father and mother won't bring any home for us, and they won't tell us what they are."

The morning was fine, the sun shone bright, and the singing of the birds and the fresh air raised the spirits of the little bears, so they trotted on merrily for some time, till on nearing a clump of trees, they saw a persimmon, or wild plum-tree, covered with fruit. Delighted, they ran up to it, and searched diligently underneath it for any of the fallen fruit, but not a plum could they find: they were not ripe yet. In no way discouraged, they soon climbed the tree, and by dint of shaking and breaking off some of the branches, they soon had the ground pretty well strewed with the coveted prize, and then they came down to their feast.

"Phew!" cried Mats, looking at Furry, when he had filled his mouth; "how sour they are!"

Furry said nothing, but pulled a horrible face in return.

"They are not fit to eat," continued Mats. "What a bore it is that we should have had all this hard work and lost such a time for nothing."

"It is a pity," said Furry; "and those can't be troubles. Father would never eat these, I am sure."

"Well, come along, let us be going," said Mats. "Anybody may have them for what I care!" And the two set out again at double speed to make up for lost time.

They now got into the wood, through which they wandered, seeking here and there, but finding no troubles and meeting with no adventures, till at last Furry complained that she felt very tired, and so hungry that she wished they had brought some food with them from the cave. Mats gallantly proposed that she should lie down and rest, while he looked about to see if he could find anything to eat; and Furry, having made herself comfortable on some moss and leaves, he pushed a little further into a thicket before them, and had not gone far before he heard a grunting noise. He advanced cautiously, and saw a couple of young pigs rooting at the foot of a large tree; softly he crept towards them, till he got near enough and then with a spring he jumped upon one of them and killed it.

"Now," exclaimed he, with pride, "father can never say again that I can't hunt."

"Capitally caught!" said a voice behind him. "Well done!"

Mats wheeled round rather frightened, and saw a fox creep out of the brushwood and come towards him.

"Well done, my friend, well done!" said the fox; "I congratulate you; you must be an old hunter indeed."

"No," replied Mats, blushing as much as a young bear can blush. "I assure you I never was away from our cave before to-day, when my sister and I came out to look for some troubles."

"So young, and yet so clever!" exclaimed the fox. "I should greatly like to be of some service to you. Is there anything that I can do for you or show you?"

Mats, who had been gazing at the fox in great admiration, hesitated for a little while; but on the fox again assuring him of his anxiety to serve him, he said, "If you could show me a trouble, I should be much obliged to you; and oh! could you please tell me how you got such a beautiful tail? for father says if a bear could only get a tail like that he would be made King of the Bears."

"I will show you a trouble, with pleasure," said the fox; "and as for my tail, don't be uneasy; yours will be just like it. Of course, it was stretched when you were young, was it not? Stay, let me look at it." And going behind Mats, he exclaimed, "I do declare it was not. Tchut! tchut! What carelessness! But I don't think it is too late now, though it certainly ought to have been done sooner. Just let me fasten this piece of wood to it, will you?"

Mats agreed, and the fox, taking part of a creeping plant growing near, tied a piece of a stout branch about three feet long by the middle to his tail.

"Now," said he, pointing up into the trees, "do you see that fork in that low bough there? Just you climb up there, and let yourself drop quietly through it to the ground; it is not far, and the stick behind will give your tail a little jerk, and stretch it a little, and you can repeat the experiment as often as you like, till your tail is long enough."

Mats, in high spirits at the thought of becoming King of the Bears, soon climbed the tree to the bough, and when he got to the fork, let himself drop gently through it; when lo and behold! the stick caught in the fork, and he swung in the air, suspended by his tail as if he were hung up to dry.

"O-o-o-o!" roared Mats. "Help! help! let me down!"

"No hurry," laughed the fox. "You wanted to see a trouble, and now you have a good one; and I have a fine little pig, for which I beg you will accept my most grateful thanks." And so saying, he disappeared into the thicket, dragging the pig after him.

On the departure of the fox, Mats redoubled his cries, which had the effect of bringing Furry quickly on the spot, who, seeing her brother swinging in the air by his tail, at once climbed the tree, and soon released him, when he fell heavily to the ground. Furry came down, and asked him how he had got into such a plight.

"I had caught you such a beautiful pig," said he, "when an animal with such a splendid tail came up to me, and told me that he would show me a trouble and make my tail like his, and now he has stolen the pig and gone away."

Both the little bears thought they had gone through enough for one day, so they got up and started for home.

They had not gone far before Mats stopped near a large, rotten, dead tree, the top of which had been broken off in some storm or other. "I smell honey!" said he.

"Where? Oh! how delightful!" cried Furry, jumping for joy.

Mats began to climb the tree, and when he had got to the place where it had been broken off, "Here it is!" cried he, and turning round, he started on his way down inside the tree, going backwards, as the custom of the bears is.

Furry immediately began to climb the tree, and she had not gone far before a heavy fall took place inside, and she heard Mats crying. "I've got them, Furry; Furry, I've got them; and such quantities!" And then followed a great commotion and scrambling inside the tree.

Furry, greatly excited, climbed up to the hole as fast as she could, and met Mats just coming out.

"What have you got, Mats?" Furry asked.

"Troubles, troubles! Run home quick, I am stung," cried he. "They are awful," and he pushed his way out of the hole past her, followed by a cloud of bees, which at once attacked both him and Furry furiously.

Mats and Furry never stopped till they had reached home, where they found their parents anxiously waiting for them. The latter immediately questioned the children as to where they had been, and they told them all their adventures; and when they had done, their mother said:

"All these troubles that have come upon you serve you right; you ought to have had patience, and waited till I had time to explain to you what troubles were."

"Father said they were vexations, and we did not know what those things were," pouted Furry.

"He did, my dear. And were you not put out and disappointed by the sour plums? that was a vexation and a little trouble; and Mats being robbed of his pig and hung up by the tail by a rascally fox was another little trouble, or rather, I may say, an affliction, for did not the loss of the pig cause him woe, which is pain of mind, and he knows best if he had any pain of mind when he was swinging."

"Oh! I was so hurt," cried Mats. "But, mother, were the honey troubles little troubles, too?"

"Certainly, dear," said his mother; "you have had no great troubles yet."

"Then, mother," said Mats; "I don't think Furry and I want to go out to-morrow."

The old bears then laughed heartily at the young pair, and as they thought the lesson had been enough for them they said no more.

But the story of Mats' and Furry's adventures got out about the neighborhood, and for a long time the different animals used to tell it to their children to teach them the advantage of patience, always winding up with "Patience! like the young bears, your troubles have yet to come," until at last it grew to be the proverb which has been handed down to the present day.

BRIC-A-BRAC.

Mummy Cloth.—It has been proposed to the Khedive of Egypt to convert into paper the cloth around the mummies, of which it is calculated 420,000,000 must be deposited in the pits of Egypt.

A Singular Tree.—A tree resembling the cedar, but with foliage so full of combustible oil that it goes off like a flash on the application of a match, is one of the wonders of Nevada. Within five minutes a beautiful green tree, with spreading branches, is changed into a charred and blackened trunk.

A Former Suez Canal.—The idea of a canal through the isthmus was considered practicable, and two hundred and seventy-three years before the Christian era, the union of the two seas was perfected. This canal passed very nearly along the same track as its modern successor. The channel existed for several centuries after Cleopatra's time, but became gradually blocked up and obliterated by the then unconquerable sand.

How the French Workman Lives.—The French laborer probably gets more for his wages than any other. His food is cheaper and more nourishing. His soup is the liquid essence of beef a penny a bowl. His bread at the restaurant is thrown in without any charge, and is the best bread in the world. His hot coffee and milk are peddled about the streets in the morning at a half a cent per cup. It is coffee, not slops. His half bottle of claret is thrown in at a meal costing twelve cents. For a few cents he may enjoy an evenings amusement at one of the many minor theatres, with his coffee free. The Jardin des Plantes, the vast galleries and museums of the Louvre, Hotel Cluny, palace of the Luxembourg and Versailles, are free for him to enter, and Art and Science hold out to him their choicest treasures at small cost or no cost at all.

Shirt Trees.—Humboldt, the famous traveller, speaking of his journey in South America, says: We saw on the slope of one mountain "shirt trees, fifty feet high. The Indians cut off cylindrical pieces two feet in diameter, from which they peel the red and fibrous bark, without making any longitudinal incision. This bark affords them a sort of garment which resembles a sack of a very coarse texture, and without a seam. The upper opening serves for the head, and two lateral holes are cut to admit the arms. The natives wear these shirts in the rainy season. As in this climate the riches and beneficence of nature are regarded as the primary causes of the indolence of the inhabitants, the missionaries do not fail to say in showing these shirts, 'in the forests of Oronoko, garments are found ready made upon the trees.'"

Tyrolese Courtship.—There is a curious custom among the Tyrolese in the Alps, at the commencement of courtship, which is styled "bringing the wine." A youth having made choice of his maiden, and been allowed to visit her, presents himself with a bottle of wine, a glass of which he presents to his fair one. If she accept it, she is regarded as his affianced, but if she has not quite made up her mind, she will make every possible excuse to avoid tasting it for the present, without, however, on any account giving a point-blank refusal. Should the wine be spilled or bottle or glass be broken, it is looked upon as a most unfortunate omen; and the peasant when he wishes to describe an unhappy marriage, merely says "they have spilled the wine between them."

Names of the Czars.—Many of the Russian Czars, like the Jewish and Persian rulers of former times, have borne names which had a definite, and not unfrequently a very appropriate, significance in their own language. Sviatoslav, "Glory is Sacred," was a fit title for the fierce conqueror who sacrificed his own life and the safety of his kingdom to his thirst for military renown. Vladimir, the first Christian Czar of Russia, and one of her most famous warriors, was not unjustly named "Master of the World," while the title "I grew in Fame" well benefitted the great law-giver, Yaroslav, who succeeded him. The name of Vsevolod ("All powerful") was less happily bestowed upon one of the weakest and most unfortunate of Russian sovereigns, but the parsimonious habits of Ivan Kosheiet (John the Purse) fully bore out his singular title, while the names of Ivan Veliki and Ivan Grozni (John the Great and John the Terrible) were equally appropriate to his famous successors. The name of "God's Gift" (Theodore) was a bitter sarcasm as applied to the worthless imbecile with whom ended the line of Ruric; but the second of the Romanoff, under whom Russia finally triumphed over her great enemy, Poland, well merited his title of Alexey ("Defender,") The iron rule of the late Czar fully justified, in one sense at least, his name of Nicholas ("Conqueror of the people") and the present sovereign has an equal right to that of Alexander ("Defender of Men") in virtue of the emancipation of 1861.

Corsican Feuds.—There are two sorts of vendetta revenge in the Island of Corsica—the direct (as the son avenging his father or the brother his brother or sister) and the indirect or transversal, where the feud is kept up by distant relatives. So long as there remains one member of the two families the field is open to reprisal. One writer estimates that in thirty years 30,000 men were sacrificed to the barbarous custom; another places the murders between 1859 and 1715 at 300,000. The murderers are generally absolved and even encouraged by public opinion. If the man who falls leaves an orphan in the cradle, his wife or sister will keep for twenty years his blood-stained clothing to nerve the orphan's arm. The most crushing reproach that can be offered to a Corsican is to have failed in this obligation. In the middle ages, any one who backed out was fined, and, if he remained contumacious for a week, banished. In 1581, the person guilty of this had his tongue slit. Sometimes the quarrel extended to villages.

The Trappist Monks.—It is a general belief that the only words a Trappist monk ever speaks are "Memento mori"—remember death. Such, however, is not the fact, for they always speak to one another when the necessities of business require such a communication; but that is all. It is also thought the Trappists never change their clothing or remove it, except when it was worn out. This is quite untrue, for though the monks do not bathe out of luxuriousness and for the sake of comfort, they do it as a means of preserving good health, and each monk has several changes of attire suited to the different seasons of the year.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Civility is always safe, but pride creates enemies.

Better break thy word than do worse in keeping it.

The perfectly contented man is also perfectly useless.

Try to see yourself through the eyes of those around you.

The longest and darkest of all nights is the night of despair.

The ideal saint of the young moralist is cut from sappy timber.

Never write when in anger; your writings may condemn you.

When rich rogues are merry, honest folks may go into mourning.

He who loses his temper in an argument, loses the argument also.

The character that needs law to mend it is hardly worth the tinkering.

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl chain of virtues.

He who has dollars for his subjects, is, unfortunately, the king of most men.

We should esteem virtues, though in a foe; and abhor vice, though in a friend.

Advice is like snow; the softer it falls, the longer it dwells upon, and the deeper it sinks into the mind.

No man was ever cast down with the injuries of fortune, unless he had before been deceived by her favors.

Prefer sense to wit; never seek to be diverting without being useful; let no jest intrude upon good manners.

He who toys with time trifles with a frozen serpent, which will afterwards turn and inflict a deadly wound.

The Lord can more easily have faith in the religion that wears an old coat to church, than the man in the coat can.

All the blows we strike should be for a purpose; every nail driven should be a rivet in the machine of the universe.

A passionate man should be regarded with the same caution as a loaded blunderbuss, which may accidentally go off and do us an injury.

To enjoy life you should be a little miserable occasionally. Trouble, like cayenne, is not very agreeable in itself, but it gives great zest to other things.

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"The goods ordered from you have arrived, and everything is satisfactory. I could not be more pleased if I had made the selection myself. Please accept thanks for your prompt and careful attention.
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"Allow me to thank you for so satisfactorily attending to my order, and permit me to say that I consider your samples much more desirable than those received from houses in other large cities where I have been dealing.
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The fact is that we systematize everything, so that each line of a letter is READ and heeded, and those who select the goods ordered are instructed to

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TO SUIT THE CUSTOMER,

and we send NOTHING if we do not have or cannot get what the customer writes for. The excellent taste of our Lady Superintendent gives such perfect satisfaction that we are frequently requested to leave the selections entirely to her good judgment. Many persons have been discouraged from ordering goods by letter because gentlemen have so little idea of what suits a lady, and "Order Departments" generally are run by male or by clerks who "between times" rattle off whatever approaches customers orders.

All this is obviated by the complete and beautiful system now working in a special room, filled up solely for our Mail and Express Department for samples and supplies. The clerks are only such as are methodical and attend to the

MINUTEST DETAILS.

The Chief of this Bureau is one of the best business men we can get.

The plan of business through the Department is as follows:

Any one wishing to purchase or to make inquiries, writes for samples and information, naming the kinds of goods desired, with whatever description of colors, qualities, etc., may be convenient.

A reply is immediately sent, enclosing samples, the style of which is registered in the Patent Office, with actual widths and lowest prices, which are the only ones attached.

Upon receipt by the customer, a selection is made at leisure, with time to inspect the qualities of the goods, after which the order, enclosing samples selected, is mailed, and upon reaching us is given immediate attention.

When it is considered that these orders come pouring into the Grand Depot by hundreds from every part of the United States, it must be seen at once that perfect system in executing them is indispensable. The rapidity yet accuracy with which they are handled is truly astonishing.

Upon receipt of a mail one person cuts the envelopes, others carefully read the letters, passing those containing remittances to a special clerk, who takes a precise account of their contents, after which they with the other orders, are passed rapidly from desk to desk until, after being recorded, registered, numbered, &c., they are handed to those whose duty it is to procure the goods from the departments of the establishment.

This work is commenced at once, and so swiftly yet carefully performed that frequently by the time the persons opening the mail have reached the last letters the goods for some of the first are ready. The others speedily follow. Everything is then carefully recompared with the letters, measured, counted and inspected for the second time; the bills are made out, goods wrapped or packed, packages marked, entered in shipping books, and rapidly transferred to the wagons, which at short intervals convey loads to the post, express and railroad offices.

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A warmer clime than ours,
Where lizards bask and parrots play,
In sunshine, fruit, and flowers.

These drooping leaves shall wholly die,
The tempest and the rain,
And drifting snow shall fill the sky
Before they come again.
And when once more in joyous bands,
They cleave Spring's balmy air,
I wonder from those sunny lands
What memories they bear.

They leave the clustering orange flowers
The myrtle's rich perfume;
For them hath bloomed through darken'd bowers
Magnolia's joyous bloom;
The blue Atlantic's waters dash,
Its billows come and go,
On the silver shore with gentle splash
And an ever-dreamy flow.

Oh, happy birds! that land is fair,
Yet still for home ye yearn;
And so ye will not linger there,
But every year return.
And thus 'tis with the human mind,
Through brighter scenes we roam,
But whate'er joys we may find,
The heart still clings to home.

SYLVIA;

—OR—

The Fernley Pride.

CHAPTER XIX—[CONTINUED.]

I come now to a page in my life which was so awful and had such results that twice I had laid down the pen shuddering, and felt I could not transcribe it; yet, because I know it ought one day be known to those who can never have it told them, I will make another effort.

On the evening I wrote of in the last chapter I went to bed early. There was great cause for deep consideration, as my husband had acknowledged that he was going to send me away to some unknown bourne, and Jessa back to her native land. I remembered this, yet kept saying, "I have another day to think and act in, but now I must sleep."

The night was clear and fine; a waning but still beautiful moon shone through the uncovered window as I lay down. It was but little past nine, and Jessa said she would sit by me.

"Yes, and tell your beads here, my Jessa; then you need not pray so far into the night," I murmured sleepily; but she shook her head and said, "Not yet."

So she sat quietly by the bedside, looking out at the moonlight while I dropped asleep.

With such a peaceful beginning it was strange that I was harassed with frightful nightmare. It began very gradually—so gradually that I seemed to be thinking once or twice that I would wake up and turn over; but it was too much trouble to do so, and soon I got beyond the power. There was nothing definite, no terrific shapes presented themselves, but a sense of horror possessed me—horror of some one or some thing, I know not whom or what.

Natural philosophy tells us that a lifetime may be reviewed in a moment, and that the whole course of a dream may be covered by the instant before waking. It may be so, but, if so, that instant in my case was so awful that I think another such would have stopped my heart for ever. Bathed in perspiration, I woke with a scream of agony, and flung myself out of bed on to the floor: then—oh, Heaven!—I heard my scream repeated, not by me, but in another room, in another voice.

I caught up a wrap and darted to the door. Just outside was Jessa, standing flat against the wall, her distended eyes strained in one direction, her fingers at her ears, shuddering from head to foot. Again came that agonised cry, not clear and piercing as from a young person, but shrill, and with temporary vigor lent it by sudden dire extremity. Jessa caught at me, but I fled in the direction of the cry, and found myself in the room appropriated to Lady Fernley, looking at a convulsed figure writhing on the ground.

It was she, the proud, high-bred woman, now dashing her head against the floor in sheer mortal agony, her headdress off, her gray hair disarranged and loose. She was still dressed, but the wrinkled, clutching hands tore at her clothing, while leaning heavily on the back of a chair, too stupefied to move, was her terrified maid. Steps came along the corridor, and lights filled the room; one rushed in before the rest, and I saw Denis lift the arched, twisted form on to the bed. Then I saw Lady Fernley's face.

I crept up to the bed and stood by in a horrible fascination, looking down upon the shrinking figure clad in the long black silk dress. It now curved round like a whoop, now started out across the bed; sometimes the knotted hands fought the air, sometimes the aged face was lifted to heaven with cries for mercy.

Wild confusion reigned in the room; some of the servants ran for hot water, some—at Dr. Pratt's desire—for fresh doctors; hurrying steps, glancing lights, banging doors, seemed everywhere. Denis, unable to bear the sight, left the room; he returned when two more doctors arrived, and they approached the bed where the panting victim lay comparatively quiet, her paroxysms having temporarily ceased.

* * * * * *

Who said "poisoned?" Whose eyes sought me at the same moment? What made me tremble and hide behind the heavy bed-curtains and whimper like a beaten hound? Heaven knows, who sees fit that sometimes innocence should wear the mask of guilt, as well as guilt that of innocence.

It seemed that a dozen hands dragged me from my refuge; eyes full of fire, horror, hatred, glared at me, and I stood in the midst looking helplessly from face to face and shuddering. My eyes were so full of the dreadful sight they had gazed on that they found it again in every face. I was taken from the rude hands holding me, and a single arm gave me safe support.

"Look after her; she's at the bottom of this mischief."

"Be silent, Pratt! Gentleman, this is my poor wife. She has been ill—this fearful scene has unchanged her."

"Mr. Fernley, I warn you—your mother is suffering from the effects of poison. I hold here a decanter of water, some of which she drank at dinner. Now listen—though your wife is an invalid, and has been in bed till to-day, I yet found her before dinner at the sideboard with this decanter in her hand. There are a few grains of white powder at the bottom here: let them be examined. I propose——"

"But what would be the motive for such a crime?"

"A maniac's hate, that's all, Mr. Fernley—unless you know other reasons for it."

"Oh, Heavens, this cannot be!"

He looked into my face, his eyes two wells of grief and agony. I clung to his breast, then drew back, and in my despair low wild laughter came bubbling from my convulsed throat, instead of grief or denial. I saw him throw up his hands—I was left alone. Some one fell across the bed. The word "murderess" was painted in the air, and with firm hands holding me I was hurried back to my room.

The door was hard to open—something was against it inside. It was the body of my Italian nurse lying in a pool of blood which stained my bare feet and long night-dress. She was not dead.

"Did they drink the water, the two cruel ones? Are they dead? Listen. English pigs—I killed them! Little mistress, the bruise will die out now, and thy Jessa never be sent from thee. *Ave Maria—O, Vergin pia*——" And Jessa sobbed out her last breath in prayer at my feet, a victim to that stern but mistaken fidelity which brought her to crime and death.

CHAPTER XXI.

For seven months after the poisoning of Denis's mother by Jessa I was indeed what those around me treated me as—a maniac.

No one has ever told me so, but I know it. What became of the months between October and June of the following year? They have slipped out of my life. Thank Heaven, I have those about me who recognise my loss; yet, when, in acknowledgement of that time, and gratitude that it is past, I now make periodical visits to some of the noble public hospitals for the insane, and give what I can to help those whose burthen I once bore, I thank Heaven again that the whole time was a blank to me, and that, if I suffered, the record is wiped clean from my mind.

Behold me, then, at the end of eight months, "clothed and in my right mind," in a room in Doctor Pratt's private asylum, pondering the difficult question how to get out of it. To do so out of some institutions may be an easy task to many cured patients; but there must always be two sides to a question, and mine was the hard side. In the first place, Doctor Pratt did not want me to go; in the second, he was one of those men who take exceedingly good precautions to secure their own way; in the third, he might not have considered one month long enough in which to be certain that my malady was entirely gone.

I was not quite shut out of the world. I knew certain things—for instance, that the long-past tragic night had but one victim—Jessa. Lady Fernley had got over the dose of poison, but would never recover wholly from its effects. I knew Doctor Pratt no longer suspected me of having tried to commit murder. I knew that Denis had never looked upon me since that terrible night.

The asylum was situated in very spacious grounds. Some of the rooms were comfortable—mine was. Books, flowers, birds, and music were not wanting—only liberty. All severe discipline had long been relaxed. I rang the bell, and a wooden-faced attendant appeared.

"Ask the Doctor to see me for five minutes this morning."

"Good morning, Mrs. Fernley," the great man said cheerily, a few minutes afterwards, as he bustled in, soft-handed, stout, comfortable-looking as usual. The Doctor's crisp hair had retreated in a thoroughly respectable way from the fore-part of his head, and left for admiration the "physician's brow" and cool, observant eyes. No wonder I had disliked those dispassionate eyes—they were expressly made to look at mad people with.

"Chiver tells me you want five minutes—I can spare you ten;" and he laid his watch upon the table. I knew that when the ten minutes were up he would go.

"Will you tell me when you last saw Mr. Fernley, and where he is now?"

"About six weeks ago. He is travelling with his mother, who will never be well again, in my opinion."

He took a chair opposite to me, and appeared quietly attentive. Doctor Pratt was a perfect man of business. I had evidently sent for him to answer a few questions—and business-like was his way of doing it.

"Doctor," I said abruptly, "you know I have recovered now. Test my memory, question me as you like—my mind has regained its balance."

For answer he turned on me his shrewd eyes.

"Well," he replied quietly, after a little pause, during which I met his look, "what do you want?"

"To return to the world."

"I will consult your friends; but remember, Mrs. Fernley, that they and I, and not you, are the best judges whether you have recovered."

"Doctor, I will tell you something that I overheard—listened to, if you like—on that night when my wits were unsettled. I overheard Mr. Fernley say this concerning me—'She will be in other hands on the day after to-morrow,' and again, 'All's settled to-day.' Now you were in the house at the time: was my removal here then in contemplation? Because, if so, it was illegal, for I was not mad then."

I do not say such a mere a novice as I could discompose Doctor Pratt, but he took a pinch of snuff and looked at me without replying.

"You have a way of spiriting off people, I know. You told me one day that a lady whose arm was broken ought not to be moved for a day or two, but at Mr. Fernley's bidding you moved her the next day."

"You are perfectly right in both cases," he answered steadily. "The lady you allude to had no right to remain at the lodge without the owner's permission; and I sanctioned and superintended her careful removal when I found—what I soon suspected from your manner—that her presence was unduly exciting your nerves. Since then you have become my patient; some domestic difficulty—of which I know nothing—was preying on your mind and health, and I recommended entirely new surroundings to set you right again."

"And, now that I am well, what will you do?"

"My time is up; I can only wait to say that I will write to Mr. Fernley."

"I too have a letter to send."

"Put it in the letter-box."

"No, doctor; I have received no answer to those already placed there, and I want one from my aunt Escombe."

"Escombe—Escombe! If the lady lived at the Dower House near Canterbury, I am sorry to say you will find the announcement of her death in the newspaper of to-day;" and, leaving me to digest this bitter pill, he retired.

For weeks I waited and heard nothing as to my being set at liberty. Sometimes the knowledge that I was in a lunatic asylum, perhaps for life, brought me low enough, but then new courage returned. I could not but think that fate had wreaked its utmost spite on me, and that some brighter days were yet in store—at least there was scarcely anything now to fear, since nearly all was already lost.

Doctor Pratt's establishment was exactly suited to the requirements of his patients; it was perfect of its kind in respect of medical treatment, food, amusements, regulations. But I was not now qualified to profit by these things, and least of all did I relish the conviction that escape was utterly hopeless until the doors were opened to me with the good will of the Doctor. Meanwhile I did not keep aloof from the unhappy ones with whom misery had made me acquainted. Trouble had done me so much good that I was less selfishly engrossed than before; and with every thought I gave to others some care was abstracted from my lot.

Many a painful and curious experience of life was to be gained during a sojourn at Dr. Pratt's private asylum. The days were not all dark; the minds in the establishment were not always clouded; and, if laughter in the place often seemed sadder than tears, at least friendship and sympathy flourished there in no scanty crops.

One morning about two months after I had made my appeal to the Doctor—during which time I might have deceived myself into the belief that I was a parlor boarder without the power of moving into other lodgings—he came into my room, bringing a young lady, whom he introduced as Miss Bertie—a guest. I knew the formula, and looked with sad interest at the new comer. By this time I was so accustomed to various forms of mania that I instinctively sought to classify them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

The principle that coming events cast a shadow before, finds an illustration in the slow but steady progress of a return to bouffant drapery and crinoline, which announces its approaching influence on our dress by its avant courier, the "panier;" for while it appears only with a very subdued expression, it still asserts itself with that positive manner which generally establishes the success of any new innovation, by which we yield to its influence and find ourselves advocating the very thing we had condemned; so it will be with the subject of crinoline, which at present is loudly decried by the very ones who will soon espouse the cause quite warmly. Sudden and startling changes do not last as long as those which take us by slow approaches, so Dame Fashion gains us slowly but surely over to her standard by first enticing us with the "panier," which is the first step towards reviving the use of crinoline. Paniers to look well must be raised and have a bouffant effect, which cannot be produced without some assistance of crinoline. The fates forbid that we should ever return to the graceless imprisonment of the cage which held us in its gigantic bars at one time.

I really think a glimpse of these monstrosities as portrayed in some old fashion print, would banish the thought of crinoline forever, but then Fashion ingeniously improves her old creations as she revives them, so she will probably restore the use of crinoline in a modified form, of which this is one. Cut of rather heavy white muslin, a breadth corresponding to the back breadth of the trained dress. Cover this breadth with nansook, then set on flounces in spiral rows from the bottom to the belt. The whole can be made more or less elegant by trimming with lace. On the bottom of the breadth is a row of lace, and on side are fastened cords at regular intervals, tied together with similar cords, which are set on the wrong side of the back breadth of the dress. The latter, supported in this manner, spreads out in a peacock train, as required by fashion at present.

At present the bouffant effect is confined to the back, while the front and sides are quite close. The corsage, with long basques of varied shapes are popular, especially those with paniers draped in them or falling flat over a tunic draped "a panier." The sides of the basque are extended to the base of the skirt, the back of which is covered with flounces one above the other, either pleated or gathered. The vest is adopted with all garments this winter, with outside wrappings, robes de chambre, house dresses for morning and evening wear, and toilettes for street use. It aids very much the practice of economy, for a well-worn waist or one too small can be easily utilised with a vest, while an outside sacque, if too short, is lengthened by the addition of a long vest in front.

Combinations of two or three materials are usually seen in black dresses intended for house wear. The most popular combination is the striped black silk and satin, and, as many of my readers have a black silk which needs some renovating touches, I would suggest the following: The basque should be of striped silk with plain satin vest and revers, and silk sleeves. The three front breadths of the skirt are of striped satin, and the back breadths of the plain silk; the seams of the front have small satin fan pleatings, let in at the bottom instead of a flounce. The train has two knife pleatings that come from under the edge of the facing, one being silk and the other satin. The dressy effect of such a costume can be increased by the tasteful arrangement of white Breton lace on the neck, simulating an open square, the centre of which is filled in with the lace, concealing the silk beneath. Still more dressy effects are produced by the combinations used in colored silks; a dark garnet silk will have its front and back breadth composed of striped cream and garnet satin, and an ingenious method is to have these breadths lined with a foundation and trimmed all around and worn quite independently over the plain silk beneath.

The same exquisite effects of combination of materials are visible in street costumes which, although of woolen goods, are combined with embossed velvet, moire satin and striped materials, and silk also finds its place on these combinations, many of the new popular models are easily adapted to the making over of an old one. Let me describe one I recently saw which will be an excellent guide for others. The dress a garnet cashmere was last winter a princesse polonaise, and appears now in one of the most stylish models after being made over by ripping the side seams of the skirt as far as the hips; the fronts are cut off short enough to prevent any cross folds, and are turned back in a broad revers, rather three cornered in shape, extending to the middle seam, leaving the corsage buttoned down as far below the waist as a cuirasse corsage would be. The revers are then covered with silk, striped satin, or French moire (which is narrow watered stripes alternating with plain silk), the side seams are sewed up, leaving the whole length in the back to be puffed and draped in a graceful bouffant style. The underskirt is trimmed on the front breadths with kilt pleatings of cashmere, graduating in width, or three deep ones, the top one extending under the buttoned base of the corsage. A vest may be inserted in to correspond with the revers, or a wide pleated belt is inserted in the side seams under the arms and fastened in front. It is a style which recommends itself by its extreme simplicity, and easy adaptation towards remodelling an old dress.

As I previously stated, these flounces are also used in the back, sometimes just reversing the above style, in which case the front is draped like a full apron, and the corsage is a postillion basque with a vest.

I have alluded to the use of these striped silks as a bias band trimming on flounces and overskirts, and the Scotch plaids are effectively used in the same way on plain wool materials; the plaid is in various colors in satin or silk; or for those who study economy, woolen plaids can be effectively used, by a judicious regard for the selection of small plaids of subdued colors.

The French moire which I have described as having alternate silk and watered stripes, is in all the rich shades suitable for combining with colored materials, and also in black which has an elegant effect when used in connection with black silk and velvet. It is used as revers as panels, as the front tablier, which is sometimes arranged as the curtain drapery, or as a plain square apron extending to the edge of the skirt and trimmed with a rich fringe.

Among other models I have seen many with the flounce omitted, and pleated fans of satin or silk inserted in the seams at the base of the skirt. The waists are cut in basque or coat shape, with a vest of the material, which trims the skirt, but the vest is cut longer than the coat, extending below it not only in front but behind.

Large white cravats of the finest India muslin, and trimmed on the ends with a pleated fan of lace, are worn with these vests; besides these, jabots of rich lace extend down the fronts of the vest and across the bottom, slightly pleated on, and also forms the pockets.

The imitation laces are lovely, and can be used in producing these pretty effects, with a result as satisfactory as one can desire.

Fur is finding itself a place as a trimming again, even on bonnets, although the latter is not its most becoming place.

Metal buttons are used in great numbers on dresses, vests and jackets; indeed metal in some form appears on boots, bonnets, and belts, the favorite being the Japanese button in three colors.

One of the most distingue evening dresses is of white satin made with a high corsage, and demi sleeves edged with creamy lace, a jabot of which trims the front of the corsage. Pearl ornaments in the hair and mingled in the jabot.

As an indication of the prevailing style of ball dresses for the Winter season, I may mention that white seems to claim especial popularity, and satin will be prominent as a material for these toilets.

While much latitude is given in selecting the most becoming style of arranging the hair, the general effect is small and compact, and very little false hair is worn. Large curls and braids down the back are seen but rarely; and small curls and puffs, forming a chignon, are preferred. These are fastened and ornamented by fancy pins, with large heads of gold, tortoise shell, or precious stones; the latter being wonderfully simulated by the excellent imitations, and these, one must confess, occupy more frequently the place of ornamentation than the costly real stones.

Everybody seems to have the idea that unless they are more or less furnished with ornaments they are not properly presentable. I will allude to one or two very pretty little fancy articles of this nature. Bouquet-holders are now no longer worn in the shape of reptiles. To these have succeeded, made of gold, the butterfly, the bee, and birds covered with diamonds.

Natural flowers, the white rose for instance, are frequently worn in the dress, held in the beak of a bird, covered with rubies.

It is said that the Empress Eugenie has sent a lovely gift to the Princess Thyra, in the shape of a topaz butterfly to hold the flowers that the Princess generally wears; and the Duchess of Teck has adopted the bee as a fastener for the lilies she so much prefers; in fact, every fashionable lady will adopt for her own specialty a particular insect and flower. That of the Princess of Wales being a dragon-fly, with sapphire wings.

Many of the nobility abroad employ the symbols in their coats of arms as "bouquet-holders."

The feathers of the lophophore have never been so frequently employed as at the present moment; the tail, wings, head, and breast, which are all of different colors, are mingled together, and form trimmings for chapeaux, in a variety of rich velvety shades; many toques are entirely trimmed with these feathers. Velvet and chenille flowers form another new trimming.

A very pretty cabriolet chapeau of sky-blue felt is ornamented with a plume of blue feathers in front, and ruby-colored velvet crossing the crown, and forming small strings. Another chapeau rather large is of otter fur, with no ornament but a small feather head on the right side.

A black velvet chapeau is embroidered round the edge, and trimmed with narrow gold lace, combined with black feathers powdered with gold.

Our Fireside Chat.

Reasonable Breakfast Dishes.—There is undoubtedly no meal which varies so much as one's breakfast, and certainly none which is more conducive to one's good health, for it is then that the system receives its first fuel to start the human machinery to work for the day, and much of its successful work depends on the merits of one's breakfast. It is the meal when one's appetite is frequently capricious, and is influenced as much by the appearance of things as the things themselves. A nicely laid breakfast table, a snow-white cloth, crisp, light rolls or bread, clean bright silver and china—no matter how plain in character, neatly patted butter—surrounded by a few sprigs of parsley to ornament it, and the rich fragrant odor of coffee, the tempting appearance of the few or more dishes which compose the breakfast, even of the simplest material, can create an appetite and gratify it, if it is well cooked and served, just as well as the richest viands with the more costly table-service.

With these few preliminary remarks we will proceed to discuss those elements which form the substantial features of the breakfast table. So much has been written on the subject of the method of making coffee and tea, it seems like "carrying my coals to Newcastle" to suggest to my readers anything additional to what they already know about so well, but as opinions on coffee and tea making differ, I may mention the following as being unexceptionably good methods:

For coffee, roast and grind it if possible, but if not, heat it over and grind it as you use it. Put a teacupful of coffee in the pot, and closing it place it on the back of the fire for a few minutes to heat, shaking it that it may heat evenly, but it must not roast. Stir an egg with the shell in a cup and mix it in the coffee, then pour a quart of boiling water, stirring as you do so; close tight, set on the fire, and boil ten minutes; lift the cover and stir down quickly, then pour a little through the spout and pour it back quickly; shut the lid tightly and it is ready to serve.

In making tea the principal injunction is to have the water boil before using it; first wetting the tea, and after drawing five minutes, then fill up with the boiling water.

As beefsteak is always prominent in the list of breakfast dishes I will describe an approved method of broiling it: While the gridiron is heating, first take a small bunch of parsley, wash it and dry it well in a cloth, and then chop it very fine with a knife, mixing it with an ounce of butter, and sprinkle over it pepper and salt according to taste, and six drops of lemon juice. Make this all into a small round pat; then take the steak, and pouring about a tablespoonful of salad oil on a plate, dip both sides of the steak in the oil; then place the steak on the gridiron and cook quickly close to the fire; and when sufficiently cooked, place it on a hot dish and stick the fork into the fat here and there; then spread the pat of butter as just prepared all over the steak, and it is ready to serve.

As liver and bacon are popular dishes, I will give an excellent method for preparing them: A pound of bacon should be cut in very thin slices, cutting the rind off each slice; then fry these slices in the frying pan, adding a little dripping if they are not very fat, and turning each slice when one side is fried. Then cut the liver (about two pounds) in small slices, and dip each slice in a little flour, so as to flour each side well; after the slices of bacon are removed from the pan and placed in a hot dish, place each piece of liver in the pan, so as not to lap each other. When the liver is all cooked, which when cut shows a brownish color, place the pieces with the bacon. If the flavor of onions is liked, a small onion peeled and cut very small may be fried with the liver. Before serving, take a dessertspoonful of flour and mix it in a cup with nearly a gill of water; stir this paste into the frying pan until it boils and thickens, then pour it over the liver and bacon.

One may add to this list as their taste decides, scrambled, poached or fried eggs. The former are prepared by first breaking eight eggs all together in a bowl, while in the hot frying pan is scattered in bits a tablespoonful of butter, with a little salt and pepper; as the butter melts turn in the eggs, and begin at once to scrape and toss up lightly from the bottom. Follow this up, keeping them scrambled well together until there is no liquid, but not leathery or solid. Keep stirring until you pour out the mixture in a hot dish. Dropped eggs should be cooked in boiling water, with a little salt instead of fat, and a good method to procure each egg in a round shape so the white does not separate too much from the yolk, is to drop each egg in a muffin ring set in the water. These are served on squares of buttered toast, dipped quickly in hot water after being buttered.

Sausages are among the seasonable dishes at present, and finds a prominent place on many breakfast tables. The following is a very desirable method of preparing sausage rolls, in which cold cooked meat may be utilized: Take all the fat from half a pound of cooked or uncooked meat, and mince it as fine as possible, and season it well with pepper and salt. Chop four sage leaves very fine with a knife, half a shallot peeled, and one small onion chopped very fine; mix these all very thoroughly in the chopped meat; now prepare the paste with one pound of flour, adding to this a teaspoonful of baking powder, a quarter of a saltspoonful of salt, and half a pound of clarified dripping; rub the drippings well into the flour so as not to be lumpy, and add enough water to make a stiff paste; divide the paste in two portions, to avoid handling it very much; roll out each piece in a thin sheet about one-eighth of an inch in thickness, and cut it in pieces six inches square. Collect all the scraps and roll to make other squares, making a dozen in all. Put a tablespoonful of the mince meat on each square, and fold around, joining it smoothly in the centre, pressing the ends together. Grease a baking tin well and place the rolls on it; then break one egg and beat it slightly on a plate; then with a paste brush paint over the top of these rolls; bake in a hot oven—fifteen minutes for cooked meat, and half an hour for raw meat; look at them occasionally and turn them if necessary so they will be equally baked, and serve on a hot dish.

Potatoes fried in the following manner will be found very nice and tempting for breakfast: Peel the potatoes and cut them in slices about one-eighth of an inch in thickness; melt in a hot saucepan one and a half pounds of clarified dripping or lard; place the sliced potatoes in a wire frying basket, and when the fat is warm, but not very hot, place in it the frying basket containing the potatoes, and let them boil in it until quite tender, after which take out the basket, leaving the potatoes in it and place it on a plate. Leave the fat to heat and when it is very hot place the frying basket with the potatoes in the hot fat for about two minutes, which makes the slices puff up like balloons. They should be a pale brown color, and when done place them on a piece of white paper to drain off the grease, and sprinkle over them a little salt and serve on a hot dish. As there may be some of my reader who are not familiar with these frying baskets, I may mention that they are a great convenience for the successful frying of potatoes, cakes, etc., for they keep them free from burning, and being specked with black burnt fat, which disfigures their appearance. They are made of coarse wire net, and have a handle, and set right in the saucepan in which the fat should be deep enough to cover the cakes, etc.

In connection with these breakfast dishes, which are easily prepared, as well as very palatable, are a nice variety of hot rolls, among which are oatmeal biscuits, which are very nice, and are made as follows: Mix three ounces of oatmeal, three ounces powdered sugar, and a quarter of a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda, after which stir to the melted lard, then break one egg in a teacup in which there is a teaspoonful of water, and beat it lightly together, adding it to the contents of the basin, mixing it all well together smoothly with a spoon; turn this paste out on the board which is first floured, roll it out in a thin paste, and cut the paste into biscuits, grease the baking tin and put in a hot oven to bake twenty minutes.

Scones are a delicious breakfast cake, and are very nice made with a pound of flour in which is mixed a dessertspoonful of baking powder, in this is well rubbed a quarter of a pound of butter, so that it is not lumpy after which make it into a smooth paste by the addition of rather less than a quarter of a pint of milk, which must not make the paste moist or sticky. Roll the paste about one-third of an inch in thickness, and cut it with a floured knife into triangular pieces, each side about four inches long. Flour the baking tin, and bake in a hot oven about thirty or forty minutes, but when half done brush them over with milk.

Milk rolls are also easily prepared for breakfast and very nice when made with a pound of self-raising flour, in which are rubbed two ounces of butter. Add sufficient milk to make a light, firm dough, which is then turned out on a board sprinkled with flour; cut it with a floured knife into twelve pieces, keeping your hands floured so as to prevent it from sticking; form each piece into a roll, and place them on a floured baking tin, and bake in a hot oven twenty minutes. The oven in all these cases should be about 340 degrees.

GENERAL HINTS.—The chief aim in getting up nice breakfasts, indeed any meal, should be to make it tempting in appearance, which can be effected with even the simplest means, as cleanliness and neatness in serving are the greatest aids in this effect. All housewives, however, are not surrounded by trained servants, and those elegant table appurtenances, with which it is never a task to produce charming effects at any time, and under such circumstances there is no excuse for its absence, but when one has to encounter the barrier of economy on every side, and perhaps has no helping hand near to assist, it is not surprising that there is a forced absence of those things which are an extra trouble to prepare, and gives one a sort of listless indifference to the appearance of things, and the table cloth will show an unsightly coffee stain where a little one upset a coffee cup, while on the end are dashes and dots of gravy which was sprinkled here and there when the knife slipped in cutting the beefsteak. If economy precludes many clean table cloths, cover these spots up by clean napkins; old table cloths too far gone to be mended can be cut up into nice squares for this purpose, and cover nicely all disfiguring spots and stains. Nice pretty China and silver are not owned in every household, and while the housewife's heart has longings for some pretty set she has seen and needs, she has to put up with the cracked and chipped pieces which are the only ones to use, and wait for better times to bring the new ones; but even these can be made attractive and ornamental by extreme neatness and the observance of all those niceties of serving, for instance a clean little napkin to hold the baked potatoes in the dish, it keeps them from becoming cold and lumpy; fried potatoes served on a napkin lose their superfluous grease—this is the same with fried fish, and boiled eggs are kept warm, and the napkin looks nice and neat as well as hides the cracks and chipped edges of dishes. A few sprigs of parsley make the butter look very pretty and tempting, while every one knows the lovely effect of a few flowers on a table at meal time, which can in season be found in any little garden; if they are only buttercups and daisies, they are lovely in their simplicity; cold ham or tongue should be sliced very thin and served with a few sprigs of parsley to give them a contrasting color and tempting effect.

There is hidden away in every woman's heart a love of beautiful things as well as a desire to have things "nice" even when it finds no outlet for expression, but stern economy and household work suppress all chances of giving it expression, yet a step which leads a long way towards it is to try and serve everything at each meal as nicely and neatly as possible, if the table cloth is coarse and patched, let it be clean and put on straight; if the dishes are burnt and cracked use them with the same observance of neatness; arrange the dishes in tempting order, instead of having them look as if they had been having a dance in your absence and were suddenly interrupted and stanuing in the first place they could find. All these observances do not cost much trouble, and in the end help to cover those trying vexations of spirit which come to so many women in this world whose lives do not realize to them the things they would like to have. They are many who can picture to themselves what they could do if they only had handsome china and silver, and a servant to assist, but never think they can do much of it without these accessories. Let them try with what they have, and the result will be a pleasant surprise.

ANSWERS TO INQUIRERS

MAMIE, (Platte, Mo.)—It is not unladylike to take hold of the arm of a gentleman if offered with propriety and courtesy.

J. S. (Venango, Pa.)—Lord Nelson was buried in St. Paul's, London, Eng., 1806. But he has a monument, we believe, some place in Dublin.

MINNIE, (Baltimore, Md.)—As the young gentleman plainly means no harm by chatting with other young ladies, you need not vex yourself on the point.

POST, (Myersville, Md.)—The paper to which you refer is no longer, we believe, in existence. It is likely, therefore, that you will have to make good the loss.

IGNORANT, (Madison, N. C.)—It is undoubtedly proper and consistent with etiquette, that the parents of the gentlemen should make the first call on those of the lady.

A. W. S. (Stephensboro, Tex.)—The firm is reliable, but whether the article advertised will fulfil your expectations we cannot say—not having seen it. It will, no doubt, be worth the money asked.

SCHOLASTICUS, (Camden, N. J.)—The oldest work on algebra is that of Diophantus, who flourished at Alexandria in the fourth century. Its improvers were Vieta, Descartes, Newton, Euler and La Grange.

WALT, (Sumner, Miss.)—Mississippi was formerly a portion of the province of Louisiana. It was so named in 1800, from the great river on the western line. The term is of Indian origin, meaning the "long river."

APPLICANT, (Orange, Vt.)—The chief duty of an assistant secretary is to conduct correspondence under the supervision of the principal secretary. So far as we can judge from your letter, you are sufficiently qualified for the position.

RACHEL, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—You should of all things stand on proper the pride and dignity of your sex. You ought never to make the first advances to a gentleman whatever may be your feelings. By so doing you are almost certain to defeat your object.

J. A. (Lancaster, Pa.)—You should get some one to give you lessons. The pianoforte is an imperfect instrument; and the art of tuning lies in dividing and distributing these imperfections over the whole scale so equally that they become imperceptible to the ear.

JAMES, (Pittsburg, Pa.)—If, as you say you foolishly, when under seventeen years of age, married a girl of fifteen, who was a foster in a book-bindery, you cannot now declare the marriage illegal. The marriage is as binding as if it was contracted at twenty-one.

APTLES, (Lincoln, O.)—As it will be impossible for you to send the apples to your friend in England unless by sending them to the Atlantic coast by railroad, you should make inquiries of the nearest station-master, who will give you all the necessary information concerning freight charges, etc.

C. W. H. (Livingston, N. Y.)—The question as to the exact priority of invention is between Prof. Bell, of Boston, and Professor Gray, of Chicago. The best way to divide the honors would be no doubt to accord the latter the glory of discovering the principle, while the former successfully adopted it.

READER, (Macon, Ga.)—We think, if you are certain you still love the first lady and are equally sure she still loves you, it is more honorable, and will be much happier for all for you to marry her. State the circumstances to the second lady, and it is very probable that she will consent to release you from your engagement.

RICE, (Monroe, Ill.)—We know not how to advise you in the case you name; for if the young lady's family object, it is for you to use your own discretion whether you will persevere in your addresses in the hope that they may relent, or whether you will adopt the more dignified course of absenting yourself altogether from the house.

PHYLLIS, (Rock Run, Md.)—We would not care to recommend any course of food with the object of either increasing or lessening a person's fleshiness. The conditions may change with every individual, and therefore a general rule is out of the question. It is said, however, that such articles as pastes, sweetness or oiliness, will cause fat, and consequently their avoidance bring the opposite result.

WOLVERINE, (Culver, Mich.)—The demand for Sweet Fern as a medicinal plant is not so great that it would begin to pay either to specialize cultivate or gather it for that purpose. The drug houses in this city that deal in such plants have much nearer and cheaper points of supply than your State, so we think it is hardly worth your while to trouble yourself further about the matter.

H. W. BROWN, (Warwick, R. I.)—When a young lady with whom you have previously been on intimate terms meets you in the street and passes you with a cold, careless bow, you have either offended her unconsciously or she wishes to drop the acquaintance. In either case you should politely request an explanation, when you must be guided by circumstances.

DAISY, (New York, N. Y.)—Tennyson's poem "In Memoriam" is in memory of A. J. Hallam, an early friend of the poet's, and who died at an early age. The initials usually prefixed to the poem stand for his name. 2. We make no pretentions to judge of character by handwriting, but venturing on a guess we would suppose from yours that you were of a lively, nervous temperament with a disposition to act and think in a hurry.

N. E. G. (Gallipolis, O.)—We have not the space at command to give you full directions how to dress or act when officiating as a bridesmaid, and, indeed, it seems a matter upon which you should need no information, it being supposed that all women know the requirements of these occasions instinctively. If you really do not know, however, you might ask your mother or some of your lady friends, and be guided by their advice and suggestions.

C. L. A. (Westmoreland, Pa.)—The matter is governed by the date of the tax receipt. No matter when the supposed assessment took place, if the tax receipt you produce at the polls is genuine and bears the date 1877 or 1878, you were entitled to vote upon it in either of those years. Even if you had paid no poll tax for twenty years, but do so, for instance, next year, you may then vote during that and the following year, but you would have been liable to challenge had you voted during that time.

PATRIOT, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—No. This country was not the first to use the eagle as a military emblem. The romans used it on the banners of their legions. The French under the Empire, adopted it from the Romans. The double eagle of Austria is the union of the eagles of the Eastern and Western Empire, as the emperors of Austria consider themselves the head of the Holy Roman Empire.

A. B. (Norristown Pa.)—Clearness, activity, and flexibility of the skin, are the principal requisites to the health of individuals, as well as of whole nations. Pimpular diseases may often be removed by proper care taken of the skin. The lady, the man of fortune, the ill-fated man of letters, all require more active exercise than they actually take, which alone can promote a free perspiration, and refresh the surface of the body; but by their indolent habits, the whole machine is in a languid state, and the skin become contracted, obstructed, discolored, and debilitated.

FORM, (Fountain, Ind.)—You are not alone in not knowing the real meaning of "eating humble pie" or origin of the term. In the old days in Europe when there were very great numbers of deer to be found, and when venison was a more familiar dish than it now is, it was usual to place on the tables of the wealthy only the best portions of this meat. The rest was generally given to the huntsmen or distributed among the poor, and to it the name of "umbles" was given, and it was through the custom, which was then common, of making the latter into a pie, that the term which we know as "humble pie" arose.

STRUGGLEMAN, (Saratoga Springs, N. Y.)—The Man in the Iron Mask besides being regarded as the natural brother of the Dauphin of France, and the twin brother of Louis XIV., is asserted by various writers to have severally been the Duke of Beaufort, the Duke of Monmouth, and an illegitimate son of an Austrian princess by Cardinal Mazarin, or the Duke of Buckingham. The most general accepted theory, however, is that that he was the Count Mattioli, of Italy, who had in some way incurred the displeasure of the French king, and after being lured to the frontier, was seized and kept in confinement till his death. 2. The song you mention has no peculiar history that we are aware of.

ELLEN M. (Pulaski, Ky.)—Although a lady has not the advantage of proposing love to any gentleman, yet she has undoubtedly the authority of accepting or refusing any proposition of love which may be made to her. When a young man has tendered his heart to a young lady, and from dislike or some previous objection she declines to accede to his wishes, and gives him to understand in a respectful and determined manner that she can by no means listen to his suit, if he be a man possessed of spirit and good breeding, he will at once give up the pursuit. But if he be so newrlse as still to persist in teasing her, there is no doubt but he will incur her scorn, and aversion and render himself an object of ridicule to those who are acquainted with his folly.

BERTHA, (Wayne, Pa.)—A book would be a very appropriate Christmas present from a young man to a lady, and while it is not actually incumbent upon her to make a return, her gratitude and good taste in most causes would certainly impel her to do so. A book-marker, pen-wiper, slippers, scarf, pulse-warmers, or something to that line, would no doubt suit your case. 2. If a young man spends the evening with a young lady she may with perfect propriety ask him to come again, or he may request permission. There is no obligation or prohibition on either. 3. Young people, of course, keep company before they are engaged, or that very satisfactory state of affairs would hardly ever be reached. 4. We will procure the best book on the subject now before the public for one dollar and a half.

HANNAH, (Virginia, Ill.)—1. If you mean is Mrs. Shelley's novel "Frankenstein" procurable, we answer, yes. You could probably get it by applying at any considerable bookstore. 2. It is possible that the young man to whom you propose the correspondence did not receive your letters. When you meet him again you might ask him and be guided in your future treatment of him by his answer. 3. Playing cards vary in value from a quarter of a dollar up to three dollars. 4. There is nothing by which we can judge accurately, but from